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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Bonar Law's speech at Norwich on Thursday night was full of really splendid spirit and insistence. There is no denying that Unionists all over the country have been, if not starving, at least very hungry for some reassurance such as he gave them—in the clearest possible words—about Tariff Reform. The words are ringing in the ear to-day; and we may depend on it they will be quoted and requoted months hence, being so—even for him—extraordinarily terse, positive, and simple: *When we get into power we intend to carry our policy of Tariff Reform.*

"We shall not propose any new duties on any article of food, but we shall impose a moderate tariff on foreign manufactured goods. It will be a tariff not exceeding ten per cent." What could be more absolutely explicit? This is no "debt of honour" which "brooks no delay", and yet can be delayed for years according to the "exigencies of the occasion". We know that particular debt by now: it is made by the kind of politicians who nearly resemble the people who, in another walk of life, "plead the Act" after seven years. Tariff Reform, as introduced by Mr. Bonar Law, will be without a lying preamble.

Hardly less noteworthy was Mr. Bonar Law's declaration about Insurance—he will appoint a committee to consider whether it is possible "even now to turn the Act into a voluntary system". Finally came the straight, brave promise to Ulster—"If the Government attempt to coerce Ulster before they have received the sanction of the people, we shall support Ulster". These three solemn pledges to every patriot in the country make the Norwich speech the most important, perhaps the most moving, which

Mr. Bonar Law has given us since he took up the Leadership. Mr. Bonar Law, in this speech, put his points with a succinctness rare even in him. In a way—though he is not so bitter—he recalls Mr. Chamberlain at his zenith. But his picture of the Government members as Pharisees stripped of their phylacteries was worthy of Disraeli: it may be hung on the political wall as a fitting companion picture to Disraeli's of the row of "Extinct Volcanoes".

For drivelling cowardice we cannot recall any political act in twenty years or so that equals the release of Mr. Larkin. Men, straight men, out of politics, pressed hard by fortune, will sink low to save their livelihood. But there really seems at times to be no depth which politicians will not sink to that they may keep their high offices. This deplorable failing in men otherwise honourable was long ago remarked by a great Liberal, Lord Brougham. But we doubt if Brougham imagined a Ministry so craven, so cringing, as Mr. Asquith's to-day.

Many people hate politics and everything to do with it, when an incident such as this of Mr. Larkin happens; and there is excuse for their passion. It is a passion, indeed, that does them honour. It will be a long while before British politics recovers its reputation after this total submission of Mr. Asquith to Mr. Larkin. It will scarcely recover till a Castlereagh appears once more on the scene. O for an hour of Castlereagh to-day!

The release of Mr. Larkin is pure politics. Note that the Government invoked the law against him, and procured his imprisonment. Having thus invited a formal, judicial sentence of the courts there was no withdrawing without an open sale of justice for political support. On Thursday Mr. Birrell tried to explain, politics apart, why the Government was right in putting Mr. Larkin away, and why it was also right in letting Mr. Larkin out; but this was beyond even Mr. Birrell's ability. Mr. Larkin flatly claims that his release is a *political* defeat of the Government. "You have beaten the strongest Government

of modern times", he told the crowd on Thursday, "and compelled them to release an ordinary individual like myself. That shows your power. The Government made a mistake by putting me in prison, but they have made the biggest mistake in their lives by releasing me." Meantime work in Dublin has absolutely ceased; and Mr. Larkin brings over the "fiery cross" to England.

We notice an attempt in certain Unionist quarters—an interested attempt, of course—to mix up the cases of Mr. Larkin and Mr. Caudle; and to suggest that Lord Selborne and others who moved for Mr. Caudle were instigated by pure party purposes. That is a mean suggestion. It is a disgraceful suggestion. Also it is completely false. When Lord Selborne wrote from Hatfield urging that Mr. Caudle should be released, he wrote, we are certain, because he felt the case of Mr. Caudle to be a hard case.

The same rancorous suggestion is equally false when it is hinted against THE SATURDAY REVIEW. We did not recommend the release of Mr. Caudle because we wanted to curry favour with the Labour Party or the workers generally, or to win votes at the elections. That would be a low, disgraceful line of action; and we are sorry for the state of mind those people must be in who suggest it. We urged the release of Mr. Caudle because we felt he should in justice be released. He made a terrible mistake. He was duly punished for it. There was no need or right for vengeance or cruelty.

At the same time, we may add this, though probably some wicked people will misinterpret it: we hope that the world of Labour will see that Tories and Tory papers are quite as sympathetic towards working men, where sympathy is deserved, as these ever-canting, professing Radical politicians, and even as those thoroughly secure and rich "Socialists"—"Socialists" who are all for disestablishing and disendowing the upper and middle classes, but take very good care that no one shall disendow *them* too much!

Meantime, the Radical Press is asking again why Sir Edward Carson is not arrested. Sir Edward Carson arrested by the very Government whose Chancellor of the Exchequer, ex-Chief Whip, and Attorney-General had lately to fly to him for legal aid! Surely that would be the most exquisite irony in political history.

The Government have shrunk into silence over Ulster. Mr. Lloyd George has been the only front-rank Ministerial speaker of the week, and he could do nothing but insult the Opposition for not insulting him—a well-understood method of helping forward a programme that has fallen flat. Except for Sir John Simon, the rest have said nothing.

Of the by-elections, Linlithgow was far the most significant. At Keighley, a traditional Radical seat, the electors refused to vote against a man who had earned his promotion honestly (even though he did, at short notice from Mr. Illingworth, move the white-washing amendment in the Marconi debate). At Reading Captain Wilson won the seat outright for Unionism with a clear majority over Radical and Socialist alike, and the usual talk of a seat being lost through a division of "the forces of progress" would not avail. Reading has always been a Liberal seat that votes Tory when Home Rule is toward.

But Linlithgow, where a Government majority of two thousand fell to five hundred, was a far more damaging blow. If faithful Scotland loses faith in Radicalism—and a similar turnover of votes in every Scotch seat would halve the Scottish Liberal members—then the Government is doomed. Even Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill would find their seats no longer impregnable; those two Ministers, knowing that Lin-

lithgow was won on Home Rule alone, may well tremble when they see the "Dundee Advertiser", the leading Liberal paper north of the Tweed, in open mutiny against the land campaign. The old message and the new fail in Scotland.

The "Westminster Gazette" confessed it found nothing surprising in the by-election results, just as a week before it admitted that the Government would court disaster if it had a General Election on Home Rule. The latter prophecy we readily accept; the former comment needs no criticism. If Liberals find nothing surprising in losing one seat and coming uncomfortably near to losing another, they have lost faith in themselves and Mr. Redmond's cause. These are the excuses made for Governments which have lost the moral courage to appeal to the country.

Meanwhile Ulster stands firm—firmer than the Government, which has got itself into another tangle since Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Birrell quarrelled over an administrative question a week ago. But Mr. Birrell has seen something of the temper of Ulster lately, and has probably revised his too hasty theory that minorities must suffer. Sometimes minority Governments, kept in place by the Redmondite vote, suffer instead.

There is a new hitch in the land campaign. Mr. Lloyd George defends golf courses in Surrey and attacks deer forests in Scotland, when someone reminds him that Lord Pirrie has a deer forest in Surrey, and that the conversion of deer forests in Scotland would not pay. Thereupon the leading Scotch Liberal newspaper tells Mr. Lloyd George not to talk nonsense about slums and deer forests, and the great land speech which was fixed to electrify Glasgow on December 1 is put off indefinitely.

The Committee of the Stock Exchange has suspended the firm of jobbers who dealt in American Marconi shares for five years. The Committee sits and acts in secret conclave, but we understand the ground of the decision to be that the firm in question had a monopoly of the shares at the time of their introduction to the market. This monopoly was obtained presumably by a contract with Mr. Godfrey Isaacs. Of course, a monopolist of shares can name any price he likes, and equally, of course, such a practice is contrary to public policy. But were not the Lord Chief Justice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Lord Murray participators in this monopoly? The morality of the Stock Exchange is apparently higher than that of the Government and the Liberal Party.

We have found this strange paragraph in the "Daily Mail" (November 11): "Mr. Lloyd George attended service on Sunday evening at the Primitive Methodist Chapel, North Sunderland, and addressed the congregation on the higher 'ideals of political life'". Really, is not this a little too much? A cynic may laugh lightly when he sets this statement beside the Marconi affair; but we confess that in us it produces a feeling resembling downright physical sickness.

The "Star" newspaper, quoting some remarks lately made in this REVIEW on the craze of Nationalisation, suggests that certain people are so in love with Imperialism they cannot perceive the plain work that lies at their doors. The political—like the literary—side of the "Star" has always been conducted by men who have and hold views; we admit this, utterly though we differ from the whole of its political doctrine. Do the thinkers of the "Star" hold that fervent Imperialism means shirking home duties? Is this the true, up-to-date Radical or Liberal doctrine?

And accepting it even as the Radical doctrine, we are still somewhat mystified by the "Star's" singular comment. Does the paper hold that the Nationalisa-

tion of mines, of factories (including presumably newspaper offices), of all dwelling-places, of land, and of railways—does it hold that these things are plain duties at our doors which we are neglecting because we are obsessed by Imperialism? Is this the true, up-to-date Radical and Liberal doctrine? If so, why does not the "Star" throw down its mask and come out frankly for Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. Victor Grayson, and Mr. Jim Larkin?

Mr. Asquith on Monday was glad of the tradition which bars the discussion of party politics from the Guild Hall. Naturally at this time it meant that Mr. Asquith had to talk exclusively of things very remotely connected with the things of which his hearers were thinking. While Mr. Asquith talked of China and of Mexico, his audience thought of Dublin and of Ulster. Not Mr. Asquith, but Mr. Churchill was the chief figure of Monday's celebration. He had another chance to prepare his Radical allies for a big Navy bill; and he took it. Very wisely he wants his Radical friends to get thoroughly used to the idea of a big bill before the Estimates come on for discussion. He may also have an idea that the Opposition will be hypnotically influenced into accepting his figures without examination if he continually emphasises their size and quantity. Here Mr. Churchill will not succeed. The bill, when it is presented, will be very thoroughly examined in all its items.

The Englishman's "fascinated gaze on the North Sea", declares Dr. Bassermann, leader of the German National Liberals, "seems to be giving way to other considerations". In a friendly and admirable speech a few days ago Dr. Bassermann declared that the relations between Germany and England are improving, and will continue to improve. There are, he thinks, in the modern world too many reasons why war should be avoided to make war anything but a last resort between two great Powers. But the last resort always remains, and is not further removed by speeches like the speech of Mr. Churchill at Manchester. As to this speech Dr. Bassermann is contemptuous without disguise. His conclusion reminds us of the danger of allowing English party politics to dictate our manner of approaching foreign questions. "English policy", says Dr. Bassermann, "in so far as it has become more friendly towards Germany, will be interrupted if the question of the restriction of armaments be raised, as it has again been raised by Mr. Churchill."

Will the United States intervene in Mexico? This is a question after the event. The United States have intervened. They intervened when they declared that Huerta must not be elected President. This is interfering with the internal affairs of Mexico. The only questions remaining are (1) whether the United States will back their intervention by armed force; (2) whether any great European Power will oppose the United States in their clear intention of being supreme arbiter in the domestic affairs of another sovereign State. It is something gained that American politicians have this week ceased to explain that the United States are not intervening and begun to explain why the United States have a better right to intervene than any other one of the Great Powers.

Mr. Asquith has this week made it clear that the British Government will recognise within reasonable limits the prior right of the United States to deal with the position in Mexico in their own time and way. So long as the policy of the United States is dictated solely by the legitimate desire of every Great Power to keep anarchy and violence away from an unprotected frontier, it will indeed be universally supported. But it is time President Wilson frankly based his intervention upon this ground. The plea to which he at present pedantically adheres is that American intervention is a crusade in favour of democratic government. The United States forces are,

we take it, to go as an armed missionary to shoot the people of Mexico into adopting democratic institutions which they do not understand and cannot administer. Such a crusade must in the end turn to conquest outright. If the United States army compels the Mexican people to meet in a free Parliament, it will have to remain in Mexico to keep the free Parliament "on top."

Sir Richard Solomon's death was very sudden, for he was out and about on Thursday, and died on Monday afternoon. He was a remarkably young-looking man, and no one would have guessed that his wiry and athletic frame carried sixty-three years. He played his two rounds of golf with a 7 handicap whenever he could get away to Sandwich or Walton Heath. "Dick Solomon", as he was affectionately called by his troops of friends, was quite one of the most distinguished of South African lawyer-politicians, but his mind was too broad and his vision too clear to be a good party man. He was Attorney-General to Mr. Schreiner's Cape Government between 1898 and 1900, during the war. The relations between Mr. Schreiner's Ministry and Sir Alfred Milner were very strained. But the High Commissioner seems to have appreciated Sir Richard Solomon's value, for he appointed him Lieutenant-Governor of the Transvaal when he came home in 1905.

After the war Sir Richard Solomon moved up to the Transvaal, as the days of Cape Town were over, and the centre of gravity shifted to Pretoria and Johannesburg. He became Attorney-General to the Transvaal Government, and afterwards, as we have said, he became Lord Milner's deputy, a signal mark of confidence in his character and ability. Sir Richard was born at Cape Town, and after being at a South African school finished his education at Peterhouse. He was a sound and acute, if not a brilliant, lawyer, but he had the misfortune of seeing both sides of a question. At the first election under the new South African Constitution he stood for Pretoria as a Nationalist or Boer candidate against Sir Percy Fitzpatrick and Mr. Bourke. This made him very unpopular with the British party, for the time. The truth was that Sir Richard Solomon was disgusted by the violence of the extremists of the party, and he had a just contempt for the crew of cosmopolitan financiers who surrounded Rhodes. But to say that he was disloyal to the British connection was a libel worthy of the venal Press from which it emanated. General Botha immediately appointed Sir Richard Solomon Agent-General, and then High Commissioner for South Africa in London.

Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth's gift of £50,000 for training boys under a voluntary system somewhat similar to the Australian method of cadet training is a step in the right direction. The training of youth in the use of arms, the proper use of that difficult time between leaving school and entering a profession or business is not a matter that should be left to private enterprise. The existing organisations, such as the Naval and Military Cadets, Lads' Brigades, and Boy Scouts are inadequate. We hope that Sir Robert Lucas-Tooth's generous gift will awaken public spirit in the matter. It is not so much a military problem as a problem of education.

The story of the ritual murder trial takes us back to the Middle Ages. It is one of many instances of the persistence of strange popular superstitions which no civilisation, however advanced, is able to extirpate. Superstitions have their use, and we are not for stamping them out indiscriminately. Many of them are beautiful and suggestive. They add a touch of poetry to the modern world which we can ill afford to lose. But this particular superstition, with its tinge of black magic, has no beauty; and we fear that the Kieff trial, with its lame and impotent conclusion, will not destroy it.

There are three theories as to the reason of ritual murder. Jews drink Christian blood (1) out of hatred to Christians; (2) to counteract a divine curse on their anatomy; and (3) to safeguard themselves against the off-chance that Christ was the Messiah. Professor Fraser, our foremost authority on comparative mythology, emphatically disclaims the use made by a Russian newspaper of passages from his book, "The Scapegoat". It is true that in the volume he discusses hypothetically the possibility of an occasional crime instigated by superstition among the dregs of the Jewish as of the Christian population. But he stigmatises such accusations against Jewish people as a "monstrous injustice", and speaks of all the charges of ritual murder as most probably "merely idle calumnies, the baneful fruit of bigotry, ignorance and malice".

Every motor show is the occasion for an exhibition of luxury gone mad. While we are told, on the one hand, that this is the age of much cheaper motoring, we are confronted every year with exhibits of ridiculously costly coachwork and fittings, designed, one would imagine, for the pampered and cockered bodies of degenerates. These things bring motoring into disrepute. There is a limit of comely comfort and convenience. When the limit is passed, it becomes mere vulgar ostentation.

Does anyone imagine he can to-day say anything new about decency and the theatre? Certainly no one imagines it who has looked into the literature of the last ten years upon the Censor and his ways. The devoted people who write immediately to the newspapers whenever the Censor does something particularly silly, or omits to do something he is legally supposed to do, are truly heroic. They know that the subject wears their friends and exposes them to the charge of being accounted tedious. They know that every disinterested person of sound mind has long ago made up his mind about the Censor and the County Councils and the farce of our theatre legislation. But they hammer vigorously away at the plain man. They repeat themselves with as much energy as is left over to them from the last occasion. It is excellent work—very wearisome, very necessary.

How necessary it is always appears in the way these periodic troubles recur. The Bishop of Kensington's outburst about Miss Gaby Deslys at the Palace Theatre is a really amazing revelation of the extent of the plain man's ignorance as to the ways of our Censor. The Bishop of Kensington is horrified to discover that all kinds of things may be done in English theatres and music-halls that have never passed a Censor or a County Council or any public authority, though it is pretended that they have. He immediately writes in horror to the "Times", as though he had suddenly unburied a public scandal. As a fact, everybody interested in the theatre, more especially those who most zealously uphold the Censor's authority, has known all along, and assumed that everybody else has known, what the Bishop of Kensington now proclaims as if it were very novel and very serious.

Whether Miss Gaby Deslys interpolated the matter into her sketch at the Palace which shocked the Bishop of Kensington or not is a question he must settle with Mr. Alfred Butt. The particular weakness of the Censorship exposed in this affair is one of the many commonplace absurdities of the system. Any degree and quantity of unrelieved obscenity can and does come on to the stage by way of "business" and "gag" after the Lord Chamberlain's licence has been affixed to the entertainment; whereas much that would not be even remotely obscene upon the stage is arrested on suspicion in the Lord Chamberlain's office if the actual script suggests an unconventional situation. We are glad that the Bishop of Kensington has discovered this for himself, and told it to the public who do not know, and to members of the dramatic profession who do.

LEADING ARTICLES.

MR. LARKIN'S RELEASE.

THERE was a rumour early this week that the order would soon be given for Mr. Larkin's release. It seemed incredible. We refused to believe that the Government would let Mr. Larkin out. We were not necessarily giving the Government credit for being firm in mind or principle. Indeed, it had long been obvious that the Government were sorry they had put Mr. Larkin in prison, and that they wanted very much to let Mr. Larkin out. So far as their conscience was concerned, the Government had already yielded. So much was clear from the reports of their proceedings and of their condition of mind which had leaked into public print. That they *wanted* to release Mr. Larkin was clear. But we did not think that they *would* release him. We wrongly imagined that, though the Government's convictions were powerless to restrain them from a perversion of the due course of English justice, they would be deterred by a regard for the decorous pretences of English public life. We thought that the Government would not dare to show itself without disguise going back upon their own proceedings, and publicly selling a decision of the English courts for support in the constituencies.

But the Government have abandoned even the decent hypocrisy which is the homage that Liberal vice usually pays to political virtue. It is now clear that the Government have reversed a decision of the Courts, not because they thought the decision was wrong, or that the decision should never have been invited, but because the decision was displeasing to some of their supporters. There were several parties to this dispute as to Mr. Larkin's imprisonment. Those, for instance, who thought his prosecution was unwise, and his imprisonment a blunder, were justified in speaking and writing against it. We did not hold this view; but we could respect the politicians who honestly did. Again, those who thought Mr. Larkin's punishment excessive had a right to agitate for its mitigation in the ordinary course of law, so long as their agitation was in no sense a sly, political move, posturing as humanity. But the Government cannot claim to belong to either of these thoroughly respectable parties. The Government authorised the prosecution of Mr. Larkin, the penalties attending his conviction being of a kind easily foretold. The Government, in a word, procured the imprisonment of Mr. Larkin upon a specific charge.

What precisely was the character of the Government's change of mind and policy in the period between the prosecution and his release? Had they become convinced that Mr. Larkin had suffered injustice—that he had not been guilty of the charge of which they had specifically indicted him? Were they anxious to set right a judicial error? No one—least of all the Radical agitators whose votes were at stake—believes this for a moment. Between the prosecution of Mr. Larkin and his release there fell the by-elections of Reading and Linlithgow, and a fierce Radical outcry that plainly showed the Government that Mr. Larkin's imprisonment meant the estrangement of Labour votes. It was a political, not a judicial, blunder that had to be set right. Mr. Larkin's sentence could not be set aside judicially; but justice could be set aside by a political decree of the Cabinet.

The really serious point in all this is the obvious, unashamed way in which it has been done. It would matter comparatively little if the Government merely regretted a false political step in the prosecution of Mr. Larkin, and were anxious to undo its effect in the constituencies. After all, the imprisonment of men like Mr. Larkin is always more a matter of political expediency than of strict legal necessity. Mr. Larkin had put himself within reach of the law, as many another agitator has done. The question for the Government was whether they should prosecute him or leave him to the thorns that in his bosom lodge. The Government cannot prosecute every

orator who publicly talks sedition, though it is clearly the duty of every Government to prosecute every orator whose sedition is likely to persuade his audience to break the law. The point is that the Government decided to prosecute Mr. Larkin and that the judicial machine was set in motion. Having decided in this sense, there was no withdrawing. The Government could only withdraw by over-riding, for political ends, a decision of the courts—a decision it had itself invited and invoked. This is the scandal—that the Government appears, without disguise, interfering with the course of justice in order to obtain the support of people in sympathy with the prisoner. They held a Cabinet meeting immediately following elections which were adversely affected by Mr. Larkin's imprisonment, and thereupon decided, without judicial cause or warrant, to release him.

The kind of intelligence which delights in the discovery of superficial analogies has this week busily compared the case of Mr. Larkin with the cases of Mr. Caudle and of Sir Edward Carson. This sort of punning upon ideas amuses the half-educated in politics. There was no suspicion of politics in the agitation for Mr. Caudle's release. This agitation was prompted by a recognition that Mr. Caudle had paid more than the due penalty of his mistake. Mr. Caudle's release was an act of clemency; it was not a political device. As to the more conspicuous instance, we need only point out that Mr. Asquith himself sees no analogy between the case of Sir Edward Carson and the case of Mr. Larkin. If Mr. Asquith thought Sir Edward Carson were guilty of sedition, and that it was to the public interest that Sir Edward Carson should be put away, he would surely lose no time in setting the usual machinery in motion. Were he to do so, and were he to procure Sir Edward Carson's conviction, a vague analogy might conceivably present itself between the case of Sir Edward Carson and the case of Mr. Larkin. The political consequences that would follow Sir Edward Carson's imprisonment would be so serious that Mr. Asquith would realise his error, and for political reasons he would speedily find it expedient to release the prisoner. We should then have very gravely to utter yet another protest against the reversion of a judicial sentence (always provided the judicial sentence had been obtained) on political grounds.

We cannot believe that supporters of the Government can be happy in the release of Mr. Larkin. In the long run this last desperate move will show itself, not only politically indecent, but politically inexpedient. It is a declaration of weakness in presence of the opposer. It shows that the Government is ready at any price to purchase votes for office and for Home Rule. For the Opposition it would be a heartening spectacle if it were not too clearly a blow aimed at the reputation of English public life. For this last reason there are people of all parties this week who in their hearts are shocked and grieved by what has occurred.

THIMBLERIGGING THE THRONE.

Mr. Bonar Law gave the country three straight pledges at Norwich on Thursday. First—"When we get into power, we intend to carry our policy of Tariff Reform." Second—"We will appoint a Committee to inquire whether even now it is not possible to turn the National Insurance Act into a voluntary system." Third—"If the Government attempt to coerce Ulster before they have received the sanction of the people, we shall support Ulster." The last of these pledges is a solemn warning to the Government to accept the message of Reading and Linlithgow. This message has been extremely clear; and, although some Radical newspapers have attempted to show that there is no change, partisan arithmetic will not deceive the public. Nor will it even deceive the Government, for Mr. Asquith, who has done some curious calculations over by-elections in his time, knows how easy they are. Figures may prove anything when excuses are necessary, but a lost seat always counts two on a division.

It may be taken, then, that the Government are in a chastened and more reasonable frame of mind. Sir John Simon, speaking on Wednesday night, hinted both at a general election and a conference as a way out of the difficulty; but the youngest member of the Cabinet was not specifically speaking for his colleagues, and he is by nature a man who inclines to reason and settlement by consent. His seniors have been dumb; but it is not without significance that the "Westminster Gazette" appeals to Unionists not to make the task of Government impossible. A few weeks ago it would have threatened or sneered at Ulster; now it entreats.

We have already outlined the course ahead of the Government: a conference, a referendum, a general election—or civil war. A conference they have not formally rejected, but neither have they rejected any of the other solutions; and while a general election would be the best way out of the impasse—because it is the traditional way which the country understands—and a referendum the most logical way—since in a referendum the decision is on a single issue—the Government are more likely to prefer a conference.

If the by-elections have not driven it home to the Government that a general election must be held on Home Rule before the Union is subverted, nothing will drive it home save a direct hint from the Sovereign. "Even now", says John Richard Green, a Liberal historian, "a Minister might avail himself of the temper of a Parliament elected in some moment of popular panic, and though the nation returned to its senses, might, simply by refusing to appeal to the country, govern in defiance of its will. Such a course would be technically legal, but such a Minister would be none the less a criminal." These words, which now read almost as a prophecy, were written forty years ago; the present year is fulfilling them. Ministers entrench themselves behind the technical legality of quinquennial Parliaments; but, in fact, they are none the less criminal for refusing to go to the country when civil war threatens as a consequence of their policy.

When Russia was "oppressing" Finland, Liberals discovered good reasons for protest; now that British Ministers threaten a British province, whose only crime is that it is too British, they only discover excuses for postponing an election.

More than that, they attempt to load the dice by warning the King that, if he dares step for a moment outside the charmed circle drawn by his Ministers for him to walk in, it will be the worse for him. Such is the novel and insolent doctrine put forward by Mr. Harcourt, whose knowledge of the Constitution which he has helped to smash appears less extensive than should be possessed by a son of Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Gibson Bowles had no difficulty in refuting this political heresy: the Sovereign does not lose the faculty of independent judgment because he usually acts on the advice of his Ministers; the King is not a puppet. The fact that he generally approves the advice of his Ministers does not prohibit him from disapproving their advice when he sees them heading straight for civil war. The King may change his counsellors (or ask the country to change them) when he sees those counsellors are wrong. The Bill of Rights declares that James II. lost his throne because he acted on the advice of "divers evil counsellors, judges, and ministers employed by him", and did, with their assistance, "endeavour to subvert and extirpate the Protestant religion and the laws of liberties of this kingdom". The parallel may come uncomfortably close to the present Government's policy in Ulster. But in this case it will be the Ministers who lose their places, not the King who will lose his throne. The King will not be afraid of a Government which is afraid of Mr. Larkin.

The whole attempt to jockey the King into impotence is of a piece with the conspiracy to jockey the Home Rule Bill through without a general election on the issue—a revolution by subterfuge. It is the kind of sharp practice that Mr. Lloyd George may

like; it is of a piece with his double dealings over female suffrage, and the code of honour which allows a Minister to be rewarded because he speculates in American Marconis, and denies that the rumours which passed "from one foul lip to another" were in fact true rumours. It is of a piece with the shuffling which waited for the Church to compromise over Disestablishment, and let it be known that generous terms would be given, if only the Government could get the credit for magnanimity.

Sometimes, we admit, the policy of always claiming a halfpenny extra change out of a shilling succeeds indifferently well in small things. But it does not succeed with Ulster, it will not succeed with the people of this country, who have no love for a minority Government that holds its place by bargaining with mercenary allies; and it will not succeed with the King. No Tory wishes to see the King brought into party politics; but still less does the Tory wish to see the King coerced.

THE LAND AND THE TOWN.

THERE is just one man who might be expected to deny that Mr. George was out to catch votes, and that man is Mr. George himself. Yet at Middlesbrough he admitted it. He would not talk about the leasehold system in the North, he said; he would keep it for the South, where it would go down better. The very day after this speech was delivered Mr. George is said to have gone to some chapel where he delivered an address on the higher ideals of political life! That is the man.

To Middlesbrough was revealed the third instalment of the great plan. It dealt with the towns. Mr. George has evidently been told that more officials would not do, so he explained that it is not intended to take urban housing away from the municipalities. Only they are to be helped by the new Land Commissioners, who seem likely to be kept fairly busy. These Commissioners are to examine everything. Not a house in the country will escape them, though there is really no need for this general inventory. All that is required is special investigation when the local medical officer reports it to be necessary. With this inventory before them, the municipalities, their present rates relieved and their present powers of acquiring land increased, are to provide happy homes for everybody. If the happy homes are too expensive the State will raise wages. That is the policy, and nothing was said about two points that at once suggest themselves. The first is that the local authority may claim to know more about local conditions than Commissioners sent down from London with general instructions to stir things up. The second is that, though the State can raise wages, it cannot guarantee employment of persons who have to be paid more than they are worth.

In a speech delivered at a time when his private affairs compelled him to speak humbly, Mr. George talked about a possible national settlement of the land problem. The speeches which Mr. George made on Saturday were full of the familiar abuse—conciliation having served its turn. It is therefore necessary to point out, as Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen has pointed out, that several of the features of the Chancellor's urban housing scheme were stolen, of course without acknowledgement, from the Unionists. What is more, these very Unionist proposals have twice been discussed in the House of Commons, and each time been damned by the Minister chiefly concerned without a word of protest from Mr. George. Let it not be supposed that we are suggesting co-operation with Mr. George. He is the last man in the world we should care to work with. What we are suggesting is that if his language about a national settlement has been more than a device to gain time, his speech at Middlesbrough would have been made in a very different tone.

Comparison of the two sets of proposals shows the superiority of the Unionist plan. Mr. George's

main idea is, for electoral purposes, to make a splash. But the test of legislation, as the author of the Budget and the Insurance Act ought to know, is smoothness in administration. For that reason the legislator only intervenes when he must. Thus, while Mr. George sets no limit to his inventories, the Unionist Bill takes note that much excellent material is already to hand and proposes to supplement it. The difference between these two plans may be seen to be only of degree; but it is the whole difference between statesmanship and demagoguery.

A great obstacle to housing reform is the price of land. Mr. George gave us the familiar awful examples. It is true that high prices have often been paid for accommodation land. But does Mr. George really believe that this is due to some special original sin in landlords? On the contrary, it is one of the platitudes of economic theory—a direct consequence of the relation between supply and demand. The more you want any particular thing the more you must pay for it. We are not at all impressed by these stories of land sold at 200 years' purchase. The landlord was rated on what the land was worth to him; the municipality paid what it was worth to them. Only there is room in these transactions for the sense of social duty. Statesmanship would foster that sense; Mr. Lloyd George's legislation merely makes every Unionist feel that he will stand out for his last penny. That is why the Chancellor's sweeping schemes always break down; they cause too much friction. But we would point out to Mr. George that if he once interferes with the natural relation between supply and demand he will not be able to stop at land, and that in our country the steady universal pressure of economic laws must inevitably defeat his plans. In the Roman Empire of the second century, or in the Chinese Empire of the seventeenth—countries where what Bagehot calls the cake of custom had hardened over life—it may have been possible for the law to control economics. In a developing, progressive country like our own, economic forces dictate the laws.

Mr. George complains that the Unionists will not turn the limelight full on him. One reason, we may tell him, is that he is spouting nonsense. A fool should be answered, no doubt, according to his folly, but it is also possible not to answer him at all. Another reason is that the Irish Question does not cease to exist because Mr. George chooses to talk about something else. It is simply untrue to say that Liberalism is approaching the end of that chapter of its work. As far as Ulster is concerned, Liberalism has not advanced one inch since 1886. What is the use of pretending that a difficulty has been overcome when you have only come very close to it? We deny altogether that land is now the dominant issue or can be made the dominant issue, but it is worth noting why Mr. George has concentrated on land. His idea is to deal with labour unrest by turning dissatisfaction with harsh employers, who are mostly Radicals, into dissatisfaction with landlords, who are mostly Unionists. According to Mr. George rent is the cause of all social evil. He will not succeed in convincing the working-man that his grievance lies against his landlord and not against his boss; but the effort is worth noticing as a sample of political cunning.

THE PREMIER'S TRIP ROUND THE WORLD.

AMONG the earliest developments of the cinema business was a tour round the world from the Pantheon in Oxford Street. You paid a shilling and took your seat in a railway carriage, from which you gazed on a revolving film, that ran you across the American Continent, landed you in China, rushed you along the Siberian railway, then down to Constantinople, and thence home through the Balkans and Germany. It was a cheap and not very exciting tour. The Prime Minister conceived the idea of amusing his audience at the dulllest Guildhall banquet on record by taking

them a tour round the world. He began with the Balkan Peninsula, and lingered in his sonorous phrases over the horrors of war and the diplomatic difficulties that still await Sir Edward Grey, who was conspicuous by his absence. Then he whisked off to China, where he handled the vagaries of the infant Republic with solemn indulgence. Whilst he was in China we cannot imagine why Mr. Asquith did not commend Yuan Shih-Kai's "short way" with his parliamentary opponents. Yuan Shih-Kai has issued an edict abolishing the Opposition, and depriving them of their seats in Parliament. What is this but the Celestial way of paralysing the House of Lords, gagging the House of Commons, and depriving the property-owners of their votes? We are astonished that our quick-witted Premier should have failed to catch the relevance of Chinese methods to our own politics. But we are forgetting—party politics are not allowed at the Guildhall: and perhaps the Yuan Shih-Kai device is being reserved as a trump-card for the next election—it is at least logical and courageous. From China the Prime Minister steamed full-speed ahead to Mexico, that unhappy country in which the whole Liberal Press has suddenly discovered an absorbing interest. Of course we recognised General Huerta: he was the de facto government; and it was none of our business to prevent civil war—at home, Mr. Asquith, as well as abroad?). As for the policy of the United States, it was absurd to suppose that we had recognised General Huerta, whom President Wilson apparently threatens with war, for the purpose of thwarting or annoying the United States.

Who in the world supposed we had done anything of the kind? As we read all this twaddle about Mexico, we could not help asking, "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" Except the jobbers and speculators in foreign rails, nobody in this country cares a button about Mexico or its revolutions; and nobody dreamed that we should ever dare to hint at opposing the United States. Thus did our Prime Minister amble round the world:

"Ah, qu'il est beau de parcourir le monde!"

And all the while his hearers were thinking, not of foreign, but of home, politics; not of Mexico, but of Reading and Keighley; not of General Huerta, but of Mr. Redmond; not of President Wilson, but of Sir Edward Carson.

The Prime Minister, we admit, was in a very awkward position, so awkward that we almost sympathise with him in his sudden and feverish absorption in Chinese and Mexican politics. The guests of the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall are, perhaps, as Conservative an assemblage as could be collected within any four walls in England. Their natural and acquired politeness would restrain any demonstration of hostility, but it would not prevent coldness, and very cold, by all accounts, they were. Then it looked as if the Premier's most important colleagues had abandoned him to the Tory hosts. The Foreign Secretary was not there; the Chancellor of the Exchequer was absent; and the Lord Chancellor had, it seemed, another engagement. This was particularly unfortunate, because it was the first appearance of Sir Rufus Isaacs as Lord Chief Justice; and, in the absence of Lord Haldane, on him devolved the task of responding to the toast of the Judges. It certainly was unlucky that a few hours before the banquet the Committee of the Stock Exchange had decided to suspend for five years the jobbers who had dealt in American Marconi shares. The new Lord Chief Justice was, however, equal to the occasion, and actually began his speech by a complacent reference to his connection with the City, in the days when he was himself a stockbroker! That was plucky, no doubt; but we can imagine that it made Mr. Asquith supremely uncomfortable. Perhaps he consoled himself by Mr. Winston Churchill's speech about the Navy, the only speech that was worthy of a great national occasion. Doubtless Mr. Churchill's full-bodied Imperialism was the sweetest draught the Prime Minister drank that evening. For as he sat

on the Lord Mayor's right hand, the observed of all observers, facing the merchants, and bankers, and brokers, and tradesmen of the richest and most powerful city in the world, Mr. Asquith's thoughts cannot have been pleasant. After six years of power, more absolute than that enjoyed by the most powerful of his predecessors, he has degraded his Sovereign to a cypher; he has trampled on a branch of the Legislature more ancient than the House of Commons; and he is fast driving his country into civil war.

The Prime Minister knew this, his audience knew it, and he knew that they knew it. No wonder he ran round the world—anywhere to escape from his thoughts about England and Ireland.

THE "NUT" AND HIS KERNEL.

WHAT is a "nut"? Most people know vaguely that the word signifies a young man given to eccentricities in dress and deportment. But in an age of scientific precision some more stringent definition seems to be demanded.

In the first place, why is a "nut" called a "nut"? The dictionaries help us little. The description of a nut botanical as "a dry seed or fruit enclosed in a woody or leathery indehiscent shell" may have suggested some clumsy sarcasm at the expense of the modern dandy's intellectual endowments. But such a theory is rather far-fetched. In Australian slang a "nut" stands for "a long, lantern-jawed, and beardless youth", and many English "nuts" satisfy such a definition. There is, however, no reason to believe that the word, which came mysteriously into common use two or three years ago, is an importation from the Antipodes. More probably it has an English ancestry, though the line of descent is not quite clear. "Nut" has for centuries been associated with something pleasant or pretty. "It was nuts for them", wrote Swift two hundred years ago. "To nut" was an old equivalent for "to flirt", and the adjective "nutty" had almost exactly the modern signification. It meant fascinating, smart, "swagger", natty, ultra-fashionable. A periwig was "nutty" when built on a specially imposing scale; a pretty girl was "nutty", and men were "nutty" on her; and Byron in "Don Juan" describes a character as "so prime, so gay, so nutty, and so knowing."

Whatever its provenance, the word is worthy of a provisional respect. It may be obsolete in ten years, like "masher" and "macaroni". But on the other hand it may easily take full literary rank, as "dandy"—itself only a century old—has done. Slang words have strange fates. "Whig" and "Tory" find immortality, while "Tantivy" and "Abhorrer" and "Buckingham" die before the generation that evolves them. There are few words that meet a want more satisfactorily than "mob". Yet as early as 1694 we find a purist protesting against the introduction into serious literature of this "burlesque" abbreviation of "mobile vulgus". Let us therefore treat "nut" with a prophetic reverence, and discard the distrust expressed in inverted commas.

The great authority on the Nut is Mr. George Grossmith, who has made a close study of the subject. He is, indeed, the mould of Nut fashion and the glass of Nut form. Happily, Mr. Grossmith is not without his Boswell. Mr. Stanley Naylor has presented much of the Gaiety actor's philosophy of life in a recently published volume, which includes several chapters dealing with this very question. Mr. Grossmith seems to hold that there are two distinct species of over-dressy young men: the Blood and the Nut. The Blood is the real thing; the Nut a pinchbeck imitation. Lord Kew or Harry Foker would be Bloods; George Osborne would be a Blood-Nut; Tittlebat Titmouse, even in his days of splendour, would be only a Nut. To be a Blood, in short, one must have blood; the base metal of the Nut is bound to peep through, however gorgeous the lacquering.

Such a view, from such an authority, is entitled to profound respect. Mr. Grossmith may be regarded as speaking almost *ex cathedra* on this subject. But does he not argue rather as a scientist than as a philosopher? He may be right technically in regarding the Blood and the Nut as true species, and not mere accidental variations. But they present, after all, a "one-ness"—to use Mr. Curdle's expression—that forbids the investigator to insist too strongly on small divergencies. They differ from other men far more than from each other. They are both essentially clothes-wearing animals. They are possessed by clothes, rather than possessing. The Blood—if we adopt the Grossmith classification—may enjoy a rent-roll of a hundred thousand a year. The Nut may go without his dinner for a week in order to provide for his new autumn socks. But that is only an example of the tyranny of matter over soul. If a distinction must be drawn at all, the Nut is the truer worshipper. But really there is no distinction. Both have knees only for the highest. Both are inspired, as Carlyle would say, with "a divine idea of cloth." The Nut, like the Blood, is a poet, a dreamer, fashioning out of the dulness of the actual some poor approximation of his ideal. He is as disinterested as an Indian fakir. He does not swing on hooks—that would disturb the "set" of his coat; he does not sit on nails—that would destroy the symmetry of his trousers. But in other ways he shrinks not from sacrifice. He bears stoically the whips and scorns of the thoughtless, the barbed cruelty of wit, the icy indifference of mere worldliness. He is pleased if you will but look at him; your applause he does not covet. He accepts cheerfully the fate of a man in advance of his time. Perhaps he reflects that the world was not altogether kind to Columbus or Galileo.

Who shall say that this devotion to an ideal is, even in the lowest material sense, mere folly? Does not the world owe something to the earnest dandy? He is our conscript—nay, an enthusiastic volunteer—in a war against drabness and monotony. But for him man would be doomed to an eternity of dowdiness. He tests for us daring theories of stuffs and colours and designs. He rushes into suits of vivid blue and green, into hats of plush and beaver beplumed and braided, where we—cautious angels—would fear to tread. At the best he shows us what should be; at the worst he offers a terrible example of what should and must not be. We march, so to speak, over the corpses of self-immolating Nuts to the sartorial highest. They cheerfully sacrifice the eternal to the temporary, in order that we, who pretend to think that the body is more than raiment, shall have the best of both worlds. Like other true artists, the Nut has in him something of the prophet and the martyr. Too exclusively have we honoured the poet, the soldier, the philosopher, and the statesman. Too scant has been our tribute to the Nut of all ages, to the Buckinghams and Brummels who lived clothes, whose creative energy stamped itself on the dress of their generations, and still asks us from the painters' canvas, "Did we not at least one thing well?" Would not our literature be the richer for an anti-Smiles, turning aside from the sordid self-helpers and dealing generously with the magnificent self-decorators?

The true Nut, then, is essentially a mystic and an ideologue. But there is also a pseudo-Nut, who stands to him in the same relation as a professing Christian prefect to St. Simeon Stylites. Pseudo-Nuts—political conformists, followers of sordid self-interest who are Nuts in public and slovens at their firesides—abound in the professions, in the Government offices, and (if Mr. Grossmith will pardon the statement) on the stage itself. These people may impress the world, but they never deceive the true believer. Nuts know each other by instinct, and are proof against the most refined hypocrisy. A member of the cult, indeed, dislikes the pseudo-Nut, who often has noxious views on books, business, and "getting on"—all things of no interest to the true Nut. To the ordinary public, on the other hand, the

Nut shows good-humoured and contemptuous toleration. He pities rather than reprobates. For he knows well that though it is not given to all men to be Nuts, there are few who would not if they could.

Johnson says somewhere that all our vaunted reverence for intellect is a sham: that if Socrates could invite twenty men at a dinner-table to listen to a lecture and Alexander could say to the same twenty, "Come with me and conquer Asia," Alexander would be followed, and Socrates left to address the tablecloth. Equally, the majority in their hearts would be smart and let who will be clever. When a man is heard declaiming against dandyism, it may be inferred with fair certainty that he is of the unfortunate class for whom dandyism is not—one of those people who cannot maintain a crease in the trousers for two consecutive hours, whose cuffs attract ink, whose waistcoats are magnets for cigarette ash, and whose collars collect all the nameless impurities of a city atmosphere. Such persons affect to belittle the Nut, and even deny him the possession of a full-weight brain. But they, too, would be Nuts if it were possible—if they were not too fat, or too lazy, or too busy, or too old.

We are all Nuts by instinct, and slovens only by circumstance.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE NEW FRONT OF BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

By D. S. MACCOLL.

THE Editor has invited me to turn a critical eye on the new front of Buckingham Palace. That front is one of the sequelæ of Sir Thomas Brock's monument; the raw sugar-white of its marble turned the old front into dingy ebony, and so far as Portland stone can play up to white marble the Palace now has accommodated itself to the monument. The trees, grass, and other surroundings not having yet been refaced are still sadly out of key. I will deal with the design of the front in a moment; but while I write a rumour is published that the disturbing effects of the whole memorial scheme are not exhausted. Every "improvement" in London seems to imply the removal or destruction of one of its chief beauties: Temple Bar has gone; old Newgate Prison, one of the finest if not the finest piece of building in the City, has been demolished; and now it is said—I hope, without too much confidence, untruly—that the "improvement" at Charing Cross is to result in the displacement of King Charles's statue. That monument, statue and pedestal, is not only the most beautiful in London, but by the choice or accident of its placing, combined with the rise of the ground, it groups magically with the Nelson column and the front of the National Gallery (commonly described as an "eyesore"). Any so-called "improvement" entailed by the Admiralty Arch will be dearly bought by this disturbance. We have surely paid sufficient toll to such "improvements" in the banishment of King James from Whitehall, without losing the grouping that I am sure to many others, as to me, is London.

I return to the Palace front. One cannot criticise it fairly without remembering the conditions. Those conditions were that all the window openings (with trifling exceptions) were to be left untouched. Now, as the relation of window openings to wall is nine-tenths of the design of a building, the new architect had little enough room to play in, if he proposed seriously to reorganise the design of the front. He was not to add an inch to the voids or to subtract; all that was open to him was to redistribute, by superficial features, the solid surface between these voids. Nor was this all in the way of limiting conditions. He was bound, if he introduced new features, to bear in mind the character of the other parts of the building; he could, if he liked, borrow some of the bolder features of the garden-front, but he could do little else, if he was to preserve any sort of congruity. He had, in fact, the choice of importing Corinthian

columns or of employing quieter modes of emphasis compatible with the existing style.

The problem, then, was very severely limited, but by the severity of its conditions a very alluring and exciting one for a designer. To take the façade as so many holes and blank wall-spaces, cleared of the mild existing means of emphasis in a few horizontal projections and two couples of pilasters, and round about those holes that must be held sacred to break up and underline the spaces, hitherto rather unconscious of any function, so that they should be bound up with the holes in a strict game of proportion, and all this in the terms of Corinthianism—here was a problem to tempt an architect as a desperate forlorn hope. Whether the thing could be done I shall not attempt to determine, but I should be sorry to be so easily put off as has been Sir Aston Webb. We may be glad, indeed, that he was tightly tied down in the matter of style; fancy-free, he might have given us a rival to the front of the South Kensington Museum. But there, I think, our satisfaction must end.

For what Sir Aston Webb has done is to replace the absence of any very marked emphasis or proportion in the old front by a strongly marked proportion; and the proportion is unlucky. He determined to run a Corinthian order across the whole front and to get the maximum emphasis in the centre and wings by employing columns there instead of pilasters. Having so decided, he had next to decide how many stages of the building his pilasters and columns should include, and he ran them a stage too high. The designer of the old front knew better; he stopped the capitals of his four pilasters under the small upper windows. Sir Aston Webb, I conjecture, was bent on having pediments over his centre and wings, pediments being a very pleasing way of grouping sets of windows; these pediments would have blocked the upper windows if he had accepted the natural height for his columns; instead of sacrificing pediments he sacrificed proportion, and the result is a gaunt uncomfortable relation between width and height, and an irrational use of features which are nothing if not means of marking out the groupings to which the eye is to be persuaded. We are ready to condone the element of absurdity in the Baroque device of running an order with its columns up through two or more storeys of a building, because otherwise the front of a building is a superposition of strips which may be nearly equal to one another in the proportion 1:1:1. By tying two of those strips together with columns we persuade the eye to the proportion 2:1, or make our whole front a unit by running the order through the three. That instrument of scale is what Michael Angelo and his followers provided; it is a device for playing with the masses of a building, but here it is used to force a disagreeable proportion on the eye. Some minor disadvantages follow from Sir Aston Webb's treatment in the darkening of windows recessed behind columns and other details, but these need not be dwelt upon; the main point is that instead of a rather negative front with little emphasis of its masses, we have got a very positive front with emphasis in the wrong place.

The only criticism of the Palace front that I have chanced to see was one by Mr. March Phillips in the "Morning Post". Mr. Phillips is making a gallant attempt to interest the readers of that paper in architecture, and to do so by applying general principles to individual cases; he commands, moreover, for the exposition of these principles a very happy style. But the jump he makes in this case from one specious principle to another seems to me to cover several abysmal fallacies. I do not complain that no one would guess from the article that the architect of the new front was not free to build it exactly as he pleased, for Mr. Phillips merely uses the new front as text for a discourse against the employment of "classic" elements in modern architecture. What I do complain of is that he accepts the new front as a good example of its kind, on which the case for or against "classic tradition" can be argued; "it

illustrates", he says, "on an imposing scale the character and attributes of the style which is on trial". He thinks, then, that it is a good example of classic proportion; and that being so, I ask myself, is it surprising that he lumps good and bad modern classic together in one condemnation? But what is more astounding is that he thinks proportion itself is an outworn classic convention. He says, and I rub my eyes as I read:—

"The symmetry, the sense of proportion, which were the principles guiding human conduct in that age [i.e., the Greek age] are here [i.e., in the Parthenon] seen transferred to the control of marble. . . ."

In what architecture, except architecture of the garden suburb type, have symmetry and proportion not been the guiding principles? Mr. March Phillips's argument runs: Greek life and architecture depended on symmetry and proportion; architecture ought to express life; modern life does not depend on symmetry and proportion, therefore modern architecture should have nothing to do with symmetry and proportion; and the use of classic forms is "a cold and bloodless convention". Now, since all architecture, like all life, aims at symmetry and proportion, this argument falls at once to pieces. What is true is that the uses of architecture change, and that to import from a sunny, almost windowless country into our northern climate a Greek portico may sometimes be an absurdity. It is also true that there is an element of superstition in the taking over of every detail of Greek column, capital and entablature. There was this element of superstition in Greek architecture itself—such things as triglyphs. But when Mr. March Phillips says—

"The forms and features it [the Palace front] employs are transplanted bodily out of the art of another age and race. The long array of acanthus-leaf capitals of the Palace front, the rigid mouldings [Does Mr. Phillips want them to wobble?] of the entablature, all the details of frieze and pediment, reiterated with a kind of deadly mechanical precision, are all of them forms which, when they enclosed classic life, themselves lived with that life. But this life of theirs was lived many centuries ago, and we to-day can no more revitalise the actual forms of classic art than we can live over again the thoughts which inspired them",

he is confusing what in Greek art is eternal, discovered once for all, with what is changeable. The Corinthian capital is a late Greek invention and a rather unstable one, not so inevitable as those other two solutions, the Doric and Ionic. It is, moreover, a little too finicking in detail for use at a great height, or in a dull, smoke-laden atmosphere. But the acanthus itself! If there did not exist in nature something like an acanthus, architects would one day or another have invented it, Greeks or no Greeks. It is the inevitable architectural vegetable, being simply a radiation of ramping lines connected by indented curves. Discovered once, it is good for ever, though subject to endless lovely modification, like the column and the capital and the spaces and mouldings of an entablature. And real invention in architecture consists not in the hopeless attempt to produce something entirely new, but in the adaptation and refining of those eternal forms. If they did not exist ready made, the architect would be forced to invent them. His house, or his palace, which is merely a big and splendid house, is, in its rudiments, a box pierced with holes for windows. In the spacing of those walls and windows and the massing of his blocks lies the chief part of his design. But if he proceeds to further rhythmic play with his surfaces he must do so by projecting strips of his wall vertically or horizontally. A narrow vertical projection is on the way to a pilaster, the play between the top of this and the horizontal above it is in essence a capital; the play between the junction of wall and roof produces mouldings and is on the way to cornice or

entablature. It is arguable that modern architects have accepted the ready-made too easily; but that is because they have been so bent on their main purpose of rhythmical distribution that they saved their energy in detail. An Inigo Jones or a Wren makes occasional use of the column or pilaster for strong emphasis; but he can do without them. Was rhythm ever more perfect than in Coleshill, where there is neither, or in Hampton Court Palace, where the use is so reserved? In those and a hundred other examples is building completely adapted to its uses, employing "classic" forms in lovely adaptation to modern life, in perfect expression of English life; and the man who does not thrill when he looks at the window spacing and the chimney stacks of Coleshill, classic trimmings and all, knows nothing about the Parthenon.

MR. CHESTERTON'S MAGIC.

By JOHN PALMER.

FOR the last few days I have been going furtively about trying to avoid all my hard-headed and intellectual friends. I knew exactly what they would say about Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic", and I did not want to hear it. Mr. Chesterton had taken me at an unguarded moment. Perhaps he had taken me in; but I did not want to be undeceived. I liked "Magic". It was all so ingenuous and fresh. I knew so well how it would have struck the hardened manager and the hardened playwright if Mr. Chesterton had been merely the very young person he seemed, and not the public character he is. They would firmly have told him that his little play would never get over the "floats"; that fantasy in a Duke's drawing-room was out of place and not to be believed; that his small idea was over-written; and that he had underrated the difficulty of his enterprise. Yes; I know quite exactly what Mr. Chesterton's professional friends of the theatre would have said, and I also know exactly how Mr. Chesterton would have felt.

Happily, however, Mr. Chesterton was not merely the clever young person "trying his hand at a play". Perhaps it was felt that even if people were not attracted by the play they would come to see exhibited on the walls of the Little Theatre the innumerable caricatures which Mr. Chesterton's face and figure have very naturally provoked. Anyhow, whether from popularity of his name or person, Mr. Chesterton's tender firstling escaped the common fate, and was submitted on Friday last to an indulgent audience. The consequence is that playgoers now have that rare delight in these days of organised, expert entertainment of witnessing a play by an amateur. An amateur may be described as someone who is not an idiot, in opposition to the professional specialist who, literally, is.

Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" came just in time. I was on the point of one of my periodic fits of disgust with the English theatre and all its works. These fits of temper are becoming more rare with me, which seems to show that I am gradually becoming broken to a professional view of the theatre. If this goes on I shall have to give up intellectual criticism, and begin writing the sort of play which will turn me into the lawful butt and prey of my successor on this REVIEW. Far be that unhappy day! I am thankful that rage at the English theatre is still within the limits of my character. I am happily still a sane and polite citizen of the commonwealth. I still have occasional attacks of blind fury at a system of dramatic authorship which allows second-rate and tenth-rate men to devote the whole resources of their silly brains to achieve theatrical effects that are not worth the moment's thought of an intelligent person, and which immediately clamours at Mr. Chesterton or at Mr. Henry James, because these authors do not realise the extreme importance of the things an idiot can do, when an idiot really tries.

Mr. Chesterton made a short speech at the close of his play. He said he feared that "Magic" was a

trifle "amateurish". Thank heaven for that! Not until we have a continuous stream of amateurish plays like "Magic" shall we get a continuous breath of life into the English theatre. Nine-tenths of the plays produced at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, are decidedly amateurish. Consequently the Abbey Theatre is really alive. It can, without grotesque misnomer, be entitled a "national" theatre.

Well, it is, of course, impossible to avoid meeting one's hard-headed and experienced friends. There are so many of them. Whenever we did meet, I tried to look as much as possible like one who had not yet seen Mr. Chesterton's play. But the disguise was not good enough. There must have been something self-conscious in the elaborate unconcern with which I always avoided any mention of the Little Theatre. Sooner or later I was always accused of having been to the Little Theatre and of having seen Mr. Chesterton's play. Then I would confess and change the subject. But I always found that some sort of indignation or dislike was expected of me. That the theatre should be put to such uses as to help Mr. Chesterton find his dramatic legs seems considerably to upset many people. I usually had to admit, growing ever more conscious of guilt and of dereliction from the authorised insanity of a professional critic, that I liked the play. Then, of course, they asked me why I liked it, and I had to explain.

I had to explain so often and at such great length, and my explanations were always held to be so unsatisfactory and so unconvincing, that at last I gave it up. I merely set my teeth, and dogmatically affirmed that, reasons or no reasons, I liked the play. From that position I cannot now retract. I have argued so long about Mr. Chesterton's "Magic" that I have now completely forgotten why I liked it. I only remember that I did like it. I offer neither explanation nor apology. The next person who asks me why I liked Mr. Chesterton's play will get from me neither more nor less than is here set down.

"MAN GONE!"

By FILSON YOUNG.

IT is not everyone who can make his grandfather interesting to the world, but Lord Lytton has succeeded for two reasons. First, because in Lytton Bulwer (or, as people will erroneously persist in calling him, Bulwer Lytton) he had a really interesting subject, a man who made a brave appearance in his day and put a mark upon his time; and, secondly, because Lord Lytton shows himself to be possessed of some of the first qualities necessary for any biographer—clarity of vision, imagination, and, above all, a sympathetic understanding of his subject. For most people it would have been a thankless task to dredge through the seas of verbiage in order to extract what is of importance to-day concerning the life and doings of Lytton Bulwer. For his descendant, however, it was another matter, and it is likely that Lord Lytton felt himself under a kind of testamentary obligation to complete the work which was begun, but never finished, by his own father. And in fulfilling his task with thoroughness and conscientiousness he has obviously come upon the reward of finding a genuine interest, apart from that of relationship, in the subject. Consequently the book* is, in spite of its two volumes and fulness of treatment, of first-rate interest throughout; it presents a story that is well written, and told with a candour which, considering the circumstances, is as remarkable as it is praiseworthy.

To most of us Bulwer is a somewhat legendary figure, who rushes stormfully, in fantastic garb, and with voluminous protestations, across the stage of the early nineteenth century. He is also, almost for certain, the author of some book which has an abiding place in our memory and affections—"The Last Days of Pompeii", or "The Last of the Barons", or

* "The Life of Edward Bulwer, First Lord Lytton." Macmillan. 30s. net.

"Harold", or "Pelham", or "A Strange Story". But that is all. We know that he wrote many other books besides our favourite, although we have never read them, and probably never will read them. As an author Bulwer just missed being numbered with the immortals of his time. But he wrote too easily, too quickly, and too much. It is a serious thing to say of an author who had great success in his own day that he published more than sixty volumes, most of which are now never looked upon. It means that the substance was turned into quantity rather than quality, and that his vogue and notoriety were exploited to their fullest extent. Bulwer's is none the less an amazing record of activity. I understand that of his unpublished writings there is almost enough to make another sixty volumes, and this is not the product of a life spent in some country solitude and devoted to nothing but writing; but of a career lived fully in the world, in the very midst of society, and in which writing was an incidental occupation in years devoted to the establishment of a political career. And this same man found time to travel extensively, to have elaborate personal relationships, to pursue friendships and intrigues, and to read and study, if not deeply, at any rate widely, in the subjects with which his books dealt. There were no typewriters in those days and no stenographers. Every word of this flood of books and letters was written with his own hand and his own pen; is it not amazing?

It is easy to attach too much importance to the external attributes of such a man, but it is difficult to ignore them. Is it, I wonder, a pure chance that in attempting a personal description of his grandfather Lord Lytton has dwelt chiefly upon his facial adornments? "As a young man he was clean-shaven, except for the side-whiskers so characteristic of that period. Between 1840 and 1855 he had a moustache as well as whiskers; after 1855 he grew a small imperial, and from 1865 to the end of his life he allowed his beard to grow in full." There, in a few words, is the history of the early Victorian period; and it might have been written by Mr. Frank Richardson. His hair and beard, we are told, were a reddish brown. The Dowager Lady Lytton's remembrance of him is that he had "piercing eyes and a generous mouth, which opened wide when he laughed and showed large and very white teeth. He hardly spoke at breakfast time, and was very alarming. After a short time he would throw his tea into a glass and carry it off to his study, where he remained for the rest of the morning. He was much concerned about the choice of names for the children, and insisted that the characters should suit the names. He wrote to me about the different qualities of milk for babies, and thought that a wet nurse should be Irish". A briefer and more perfect portrait is conveyed in the words of his little grandson, who used to exclaim with relief when he left the room, "Man gone!" In his younger days he dressed like a dandy in the most extravagant and gaudy fashions. He wore a dressing-gown in his study, drove about in a large barouche, and listened to a musical-box. He smoked eight ounces of Latakia every week, and consumed seven cigars between retiring to bed at night and getting up in the morning.

Much of this is as characteristic of his period as of himself, and has only the interest of curiosity now. What one has to ask oneself in reading a life like this is, What remains of all this prodigious toil and nervous expenditure? Bulwer left memorials of himself enough in one way; the lumber rooms at Knebworth are full of costly and elaborate rubbish, while his graceful, swiftly flowing river of words has spread itself far abroad over the world. Yet there is little enough of lasting worth in all these material remains of what he toiled so hard at. And I am inclined to say that, but for the publishing of this book of his grandson's, the true and residual worth of the man might never have been discovered. For the strongest feeling left upon me after reading these two volumes is that it

was the man's life rather than his work which was important, and that what he was is a much greater thing than what he did. One must forget the flamboyant, post-Byronic decorations, the musical-box, the whiskers, the barouche, and all the rest of it, and remember that this man, in an age heavily ridden by convention, lived bravely and according to his own inward convictions. I don't think it would be fair to say of him that he cultivated eccentricity. His eccentricity arose largely from his own courageous and essential individuality. And he had a most bitter married life. The story of that marriage is most admirably told in this book, without exaggeration or extenuation. People who like to sit in judgment on others may amuse themselves by deciding between Edward and Rosina Bulwer; but there is no question that it was the courage of his own convictions which made his courtship of her a warfare against his mother, and his marriage a warfare against his wife. I don't suppose anybody could have lived happily with Mrs. Bulwer. I don't suppose many people could have lived happily with him. Once his love had gone, he was cold and matter of fact; and when, after many attempts had been made at a separation, she wrote to him about her own movements, and he replied: "I venture to suggest Bath; the society there is respectable and good, the place warm, coals and lodgings cheap", I have no doubt she thought he was a great brute. But the fearful trail of obscenities and scurrilities with which she pursued him when he had attained a high position in politics, and the perusal of which their grandson describes as being like opening a drawer full of wasps, reveals, though only faintly, the fearful disaster which he had brought upon himself by his marriage. It in one way was responsible for his excessive output of books, for the marriage which his mother disapproved of made him dependent on his own exertions. And if he did courageous things in his life, he also uttered brave words. He broke new ground for writers to-day; he was a pioneer in enlarging people's ideas as to the importance of fiction, and in extending the sphere which it could cover; for in his day to treat either crime or the occult as subject for a novel was regarded as being, if not blasphemous, at any rate anti-social and in the worst possible taste. Carlyle, who disliked novels and never made a mistake in his favourable judgments of his contemporaries, wrote of Bulwer's novel "Zanoni" that "it will be a liberating voice for much that lay imprisoned in many human souls", and added: "I honour much the unwearied, steadfast perseverance with which you prosecute this painfullest and also noblest of human callings, almost the summary of all that is left of nobleness in human callings in these poor days".

Thoughtful readers of this admirable life will, I think, have a new and unexpected sense of agreement in Lord Lytton's deliberately expressed judgment that his grandfather was one of the giants of his day. I would add that he was one who, in spite of his outpourings, showed his greatest worth in that which he achieved and endured almost silently. There was nothing little or weak about him; he was valiant as a worker and warrior for causes which he believed in. For a month or two, through the pious labour of his descendant, he will emerge once more upon the world, and be once again talked and gossiped about, and will then vanish; and, viewing this reappearance of so much florid ability, so much valour, such endurance, such exhausting and indeed killing industry, and its inevitable and perhaps final disappearance, we can echo, with less awe and more sympathy, the childish exclamation, "Man gone!"

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION.

By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

I HAVE been told, and I believe I have been told truly, that it was the custom of Oscar Wilde to rehearse his conversation; and there are some who declare that his speech was finer than his writing. The censorious

will condemn this labour as trivial and wasteful, but I will not give support to their argument, though I should be inclined to do so were they to argue that the practice of rehearsing one's talk is likely to lead to insincerity. It may seem a poor way of life to spend one's days in thinking of fine phrases which, when made, are carried to some place where friends meet, and there are spoken for effect; but it is better, surely, so to act than to allow speech to become the dull, limited, overwrought thing it now is. If a listener were to make notes of the conversation to be heard in most drawing-rooms, he would be astonished when he came to transcribe them at the paucity of the language used by the speakers, and the extremely hard labour to which a few words and phrases are put.

It is in our reference to natural things that we are least felicitous when we speak. I climbed a high hill one day in the company of some friends, and when we had reached the top of it, we stood still for a while and gazed down on the valley below. There was a lake in the valley, a long, wandering piece of water, in which were many wooded islands. I remember that it was a dusky day, and that mists floated up and down the shapeless hills. The evening was closing in, and there were great grey clouds in the heavens, edged with lucent silver. There was that in the air which compelled us to be silent, and we stood on the hill-height filling our eyes with the beauty of the world—until someone spoke. "Isn't it nice?" she said. I spoke some words that were as trite as hers, and then I turned away; and, as I did so, I heard another speak, and he said: "That's fine, that is!" and the lady who walked beside him replied, "Yes, it is rather fine!"

We came down the hill in the darkness. The moon, attended by a star, rode through the sky, and somewhere above us we heard a lonely curlew crying as it flew homewards. The plaintive bleating of the sheep that huddled together on the hillside mingled with the sound of the "lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore". I felt the awful meanness of men in the presence of mountains, and trembled when I heard the trees sounding like music played on muted strings—until I heard a friend say, "It's awfully nice, isn't it?"

The art of conversation in beautiful places is the art of holding one's tongue. If we attempt to talk pleasantly in such circumstances, we are likely to talk stiffly; and, since few of us can speak in accordance with lovely surroundings, we do well to be speechless. Language, indeed, is improper in the open air: it is appropriate only to the indoor life. The feeling of exhilaration which swells in us on a fine, gusty day does not stir us up to speech: it stirs us to incoherent shouting and jolly, meaningless yells. The best companion for a long walk is that man or woman who is willing to trudge by your side for miles without uttering a word. Indoors we are compelled to speak because of our limited vistas; but who would talk on a long sandy shore or a wide moorland when he can see the sky stretching to the end of the world, and can imagine that, if he were to walk far enough, he could walk through the clouds? Would you disturb the harmony of a fine sunset by babbled about politicians, or spend your energy in trying to describe the beauty of the night, when you may feel it far better than you can ever express it? When I see a long, torn cloud of dark colour staining the sky, shall I listen patiently while someone tells me that it is "awfully nice!" or "rather fine, that!"?

It is in the towns and crowded places that we must use our tongues. The countryman is silent, because he has the world before him; the townsman is talkative, because he sees four walls always about him. The great wits perish out of cities, for who can be witty about a mountain or a lake or the long, slow movements of the sea? Can we make epigrams when sea-birds come wearily to land at dusk, or be quick at repartee when a lark sings? It is in the club and the meeting place that the wit is happy; it is in Piccadilly and Pall Mall that epigrams are made. And it is in these places that I would have men study their tongues. I went one night to Covent Garden, when Dr. Richter conducted

the playing of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony; and when the stately piece of music had been played, a man turned to me and said: "There are some snappy little bits in that!" and wondered that I was suddenly angry with him. Another time, when I was sitting in a picture gallery, I heard a man say to a woman, as he pointed to a painting, "That's not half bad, that!" . . . It may be that Wilde became insincere through his habit of rehearsing his speeches, but I would cheerfully accept his insincerity and his fine phrases in exchange for the sincerity and the "Not half bad, that!" of the man in the picture gallery.

It is likely that our language has languished to trite sentences, worn and witless, because we are afraid of using new words. The man of ill-breeding will sneer at the man who uses a word that is unfamiliar to him; he considers a finely-turned phrase to be a sign of affectation; and, in fear lest he should be regarded as an affected person, he uses the words that his neighbours use, and repeats them again and again. For such a one, if he or she be young, all things are "awfully nice!" A sunset and a piece of music are "awfully nice!" A golden cloud and a delicately-turned vase are "awfully nice!" The fine air of the morning and a lyric are "awfully nice!" The plumage of a bird and the splash of running water are "awfully nice!" Or if he or she be middle-aged or old, the sunset and the piece of music are "not half bad, that!" or "quite good!" or "That's what I call first-rate!"

In the town the fear of our neighbour lies heavy upon us, and our words turn to banalities and our phrases to clichés. In country places you may hear a poor, unlettered man speak of something that he knows in language that puts the tawdry, common speech of educated townsmen to shame. It was a peasant in Ireland who spoke of Lady Gregory in this manner: "She's plain and simple like the Mother of God, and that's the greatest lady that ever lived!" Once in Donegal I spoke to a fisherman who was watching for the body of a girl that had been drowned, and I asked him when he thought the tide would cast the body up. He said: "It's hard to tell, sir, for the sea is wide and uncertain". In Ireland, if a man loses his intellect, the people say of him, in gentle words, "He's away in the mind!" but in cities men say of the madman, "He's barmy!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

WILL TURKEY ATTACK THE GREEKS?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

4 November 1913.

SIR,—The policy of the Young Turks towards the Christians in Turkey was the cause of the first Balkan War; that of the Bulgarians towards their former Allies was the cause of the second.

The Treaties of London, Bucharest, and Constantinople established an equilibrium and peace in the East which might well be permanent. But, notwithstanding the result secured, we are now on the eve of a crisis which may prove the most serious that has ever occurred in the Balkans. The Young Turks, intoxicated with their recent successes, due to the discontent of the people of Thrace with the Bulgarian rule, and, above all, to the compliance of the European Powers, believe that they can also reconquer populations which have been finally liberated and which are fully satisfied with their present position. They are seeking to provoke a third war, which would be far worse than the other two.

It is easy to understand that the paralysis and disorganisation of the Turkish administration and army, as well as other reasons, would make their chances of success against Greece extremely doubtful. Greece, indeed, was quite able to wage war single-handed against Turkey after the conclusion of the armistice with the other allies at Tschataldja. But the gravest danger which I consider it my duty to bring to the notice of all who are interested in the cause of humanity is this: The Turkish army, consisting as it does now to a great extent of irregulars and hordes of Kurds and Circassians, whether it be victorious or vanquished, will outstep every limit in its atrocities and outrages against the Christian populations. It will no longer be merely the profanation of churches, the outrage of women, the slaughter of unarmed men; it will be utter

ruin, the devastation of Christian towns and districts, the complete annihilation of non-Mussulman populations.

I need hardly say that these populations will do their utmost in self-defence, and that this will add to the horrors of the war and to the consequent evils. There must result a commercial and economic disturbance so widespread as to call for the immediate attention of European capitalists. Whatever the issue, for the Turks the consequence of such a catastrophe may well be the beginning of a complete dismemberment of their Empire. For these reasons I venture to believe that it would be not only an act of humanity, but at the same time in the highest interests of Europe to prevent by all possible means a third war of such a nature. Moreover, the present aggressive policy of the Turks is entirely unjustifiable.

The question of the Wakoufs, a matter affecting Mussulman religious property, is a small one, and can be easily settled. The question of nationality and of the capitulations is a European question, depending on established international law. In 1897, when Turkey was victorious, it was settled under the auspices of England and France, on the bases of the Protocol of London and of the Treaty of Kanlidja. It is, therefore, much more easy to settle to-day. The question of the *Ægean Islands* was by the Treaty of London (Article V.) reserved for the final decision of the Powers, and in the Treaty of Constantinople Turkey has explicitly acknowledged, in a special article, the binding force of the provisions of the Treaty of London. The Powers insisted that Servia, in the matter of the northern frontier of Albania—a Mussulman country—should respect the Treaty of London. The same principles should surely be applied a fortiori in favour of Christian populations which are in danger of falling a prey to Moslem vengeance.

Is it not time to remind the Young Turks that the preservation of their Empire does not depend on the question of the islands, nor on that of the nationalities and capitulations, but only on their carrying out a policy of reorganisation and retrenchment, and on their providing real guarantees for the security of non-Mussulman populations? The idea that financial difficulties will be an obstacle to a third war has no practical effect in the case of the Young Turks, for so long as they can find the money in the safes and provisions in the stores of Christian merchants they will never lack means to carry on reckless enterprises.

For these reasons I venture to make this appeal and to urge that all legitimate means be used to prevent a third war, which would be a disaster for the East, a source of great danger to Europe, and a disgrace to civilisation.

I am, your obedient servant,

CH. VAMVACAS,
Deputy in the late Ottoman Parliament.

A REFERENDUM FOR ULSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

SIR,—In connection with your article on the Referendum I cull the following from "Mr. Harcourt's Declaration", as reported in "The Times": "The first duty of any Government in any civilised State is to enforce the decisions and decrees of a popularly elected and representative Assembly". If this description really applies to the House of Commons, what in the name of all that is reasonable can be the objection to referring this matter of Home Rule to the people for particular and emphatic confirmation, seeing the gravity of the issues involved?

Of course, there is only one answer to this question, and you have given it. The Government is afraid of the people, and they know, as well as you or your readers know, that all this talk about the will of the people as expressed by their elected representatives is the most arrant cant and humbug.

Our wonderful system of representation can easily give a substantial majority in the House of Commons to a party which in the country is in an appreciable minority; and in any case, if parties are fairly evenly balanced, one-half of the electors are necessarily unrepresented in Parliament. Then consider the multitude of questions that come before the people at a General Election, and the wild promises that are made on all sides in order to secure votes. How can anyone honestly maintain that candidates elected under such conditions can represent the considered will of the people for the next six or seven years, and that a party so returned to power has *carte blanche* to do whatsoever it likes, without any reference to the people whom it claims to represent?

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,
IMMO S. ALLEN.

THE PARTY OF LAW AND ORDER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 October 1913.

SIR,—Have the "mug-wumps" of our party no sense of humour that they invoke the venerable names of "law" and "order" against Ulster, and in favour of the dynamiters, cattle-drivers, and other "Molly Maguires"? A similar case presented itself a hundred odd years ago, when the Tyrol refused to be handed over to Bavaria, and resisted the French and Bavarian forces, not by a string of platitudes but by a national armed uprising. British opinion then, the unanimous pronouncement of history since, had only words of the highest praise for Hofer and his fellow-countrymen. About the same time, happily for Sicily, for England and Europe, the insular part of the kingdom of Naples was saved from Napoleonic rule by Lord William Bentinck. I wonder what he would have thought of his kinsman's callous readiness to abandon loyal citizens to the mercy of England's enemies nowadays.

Yours faithfully,

W. L. D. G.

A RURAL UTOPIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, St. Mary's Square, Paddington, W.,

13 October 1913.

SIR,—In his speech of Saturday last Mr. Lloyd George had something to say about the depopulated glens of the Highlands of Scotland. But if he wants to see a Rural Utopia he should take the train to Strathcarron station, Ross-shire, and interview the crofters of Achintee village, Lochcarron, whose forebears weathered the trying seasons of distress in the 'forties by the club farm system—a system which would be greatly improved by making the peasants owners of their crofts.

In the Harrow Road this morning a sweep, driving a high-stepping black pony, passed me at a swinging trot. I mention this, since the sweep is the man who will collect by my system the refuse and other waste products which will help to turn every village of England and of India into a Rural Utopia.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

DONALD NORMAN REID.

JUVENAL AT A CABINET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 November 1913.

SIR,—I learn on high authority that my conjecture, amiably selected to save the reputation of the whole Cabinet of 1892, is not justified by the facts. The line in question was given by the classical big guns as

"*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*".

I should have thought some of them would have got nearer the text of Satire VI., 223. In the 'nineties the classics were not so out of date as now, and a good memory did not approximate to a useless freak.

Yours sincerely,

VERNON RENDALL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

9 November 1913.

SIR,—In yesterday's SATURDAY REVIEW a correspondent suggests that the passage in Juvenal over which a Cabinet Council disputed was a verse from the 10th Satire. But surely the 10th was never one of the Satires withdrawn from the course of study of the ordinary schoolboy. It is much more probable that the disputed line was the usually misquoted verse (VI., 223):

"*Hoc volo, sic jubeo, sit pro ratione voluntas*".

I would bet a small sum that the majority of the Cabinet thought that it ran: "*Sic volo, sic jubeo*". Perhaps some of them put "*stet*" for "*sit*".

Yours, etc.,

A. B.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Northern Conservative and Unionist Club,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, 8 November 1913.

DEAR SIR,—As Mr. Asquith appears to be an admirer of Juvenal, he is probably also acquainted with Lucan. May

we not refer him to the grand opening lines of the *Pharsalia*—one word only, that italicised, being changed:

Bella per *Hibernios* plusquam civilia campos :
Jusque datum scelerei canimus populumque potete
In sua vitrici conversum viscera dextra,
Cognatas que acies, etc., etc.

He may like to quote them next year!

Yours faithfully,

H. CONYERS SURTEES.

THE THIRD VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 4 November 1913.

SIR,—The late Lord Sidmouth was, as you remarked last week, the grandson of a Prime Minister, but he was a good deal more than this. He had served in the Navy for ten years, and retained throughout his life the keenest interest in his old Service. He was probably one of the last survivors of the naval operations against the Boers at Durban in 1842. He sat in the House of Commons for a year as Conservative Member for Devizes, but his father's death in 1864 sent him to the Upper House, where he spoke from time to time, generally on Naval subjects. He was one of the leading organisers of the Volunteer movement of 1852. A strong Churchman and Conservative, though never a violent partisan, he took an active part for many years in the local affairs of Devonshire, and as a resident landlord did much for the interests of his tenants and neighbours. He was a man of wide reading, and of great personal charm, and, while he disliked notoriety, his loss is felt by many of a younger generation who could appreciate the dignity and the fine courtesy of the old school.

Lord Sidmouth's three brothers were soldiers; a sailor himself, he gave two sons to the Army and one to the Navy. His life illustrates the fact, which some of us are in danger of forgetting, that the quiet life of a country gentleman is often very closely in touch with the service of the Empire.

Yours faithfully,

M. C. S.

MUSEUM GUIDES AND INTERPRETERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ormeley Lodge, Ham Common, Surrey.

7 November 1913.

SIR,—It has long been remarked as deplorable that the majority of people who visit museums, picture galleries, and collections of objects of art and antiquity, do so for the most part in an aimless and perfunctory manner. It is an interesting and rather distressing study of psychology to watch a party engaged in this exercise, which to the cultured is a matter of pure delight. You will see them for a while absorbed in the sight of the wonders around them, moving zealously from case to case, from gallery to gallery, trying to take in something of what they see. But soon the wealth of interest seems to stun them; the unfamiliarity of the objects that they glance at appears to benumb their receptive faculties. They cannot be at the pains to read labels in an intelligent way; the bright edge of their keenness is soon dulled; and they leave the place dazed and wearied, with no clear idea of what they have seen and having gained neither enjoyment nor profit from their visit.

Just three years ago the trustees of the British Museum, with a most laudable desire to cure this lamentable state of affairs, appointed one official guide to take twice a day parties of visitors, free of charge, round the various galleries and departments of the museum. The system thus initiated at Bloomsbury was adopted within a year at the Natural History Museum at South Kensington; and within the last few weeks the Victoria and Albert Museum has followed this excellent lead.

The effect of these personally conducted tours has been nothing short of amazing. The concentration of the attention on one subject at a time, under the guidance of able and cultivated men, has revealed the beauty and interest of things which were hidden from unaided eyes. People who of their own efforts would have found great difficulty in learning anything from what they saw have, through the magic of the human voice, learnt more about Greek sculpture, Egyptian and mediæval art, about mineralogy and zoology, than they could ever have acquired from a study, however careful and systematic, of guide books and labels.

The system of guide demonstrators has been found to answer to a real need. Many thousands of sightseers by its means have been changed from bored and listless observers into eager and receptive listeners, whose eyes have been opened to beauties before unsuspected and to interests hitherto unexplained.

The educational potentialities of museums have also been discovered; and the County Council of London have done and are doing much by sending classes of children and teachers to learn there from the demonstrations and popular lectures of the guides. But though much good has been wrought in this way, a very great deal still remains to be done. We are only at the beginning of a movement which bids fair to revolutionise some of our educational theories; we have hardly begun to tap the sources of instruction.

The Imperial Institute, for instance, with its enormously important educative forces, is perhaps one of the most glaring cases of capital lying idle and unused, and is still crying in the wilderness. Its exhibits from all parts of the Empire are most carefully catalogued; its handbooks are models as storehouses of facts; the Director and members of its staff are most painstaking and obliging, and give with the utmost goodwill such time as they can spare from other duties to those who ask them for information. But the same thing is apparent here as has been noticed at our museums. The public seem unable to assimilate unaided a knowledge of the resources of the Empire which the Institute has to show them and for which purpose it was specially created. The result is that few people, comparatively speaking, frequent its galleries, for want of something to make them interested. Is not this a field calling urgently for the Colonial Office, in the interests of our great Dominions, to step in and put the exploitation of its exhibits under a different footing?

Here, no less than at the museums, the appointment of "guide demonstrators" is an absolute necessity, if the intentions of its founders are to be realised. Experience shows that here, as at museums, an exhibition, however well displayed, however admirably staffed, will not touch and teach the general mass of the public without the aid of viva voce demonstrations.

I have the honour to be,

Yours, etc.,

SUDELEY.

CARLYLE'S BIRTHPLACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

53, Upper Brook Street, W.

11 November 1913.

SIR,—I am glad to be able to announce that the purchase of the southern half of the Arched House, Ecclefechan, has now been completed, and the whole property, thanks to the generosity of your readers in responding to my appeal, now belongs for ever to the Carlyle's House Memorial Trust.

You will remember that in July last I made an appeal in these columns for £110, the purchase price of the southern half of the house. Two days after the publication of the article I had a letter from Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, most generously offering himself to defray the whole cost. Other subscriptions were coming in; and although Mr. Fisher Unwin's prompt and generous action had in itself secured my object, I felt that others would like, and had a right, to have a share in it. There are certain to be further expenses connected with the equipment of the house, and to these the balance over and above the purchase price will be devoted.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's generosity in providing for the purchase of the house itself needs no emphasis from me; but I cannot refrain from observing that his action, coming from a publisher who has never published a book of Carlyle's, and has never made any pecuniary profit of his name, is finely disinterested.

The following is a list of subscriptions:—

T. Fisher Unwin, Esq.	£110	0	0
Mrs. Selfridge	10	0	0
Colonel Boyd Alexander	5	0	0
Harold Hodge, Esq.	5	0	0
A. B. Paton, Esq.	2	0	0
R. P. Hewit, Esq.	1	1	0
R. Catton, Esq.	1	0	0
Mrs. Clarke, Lifford	1	0	0
Commander Douglas R. L. Nicholson, R.N.	1	0	0
Mrs. Rankin	1	0	0
Miss Lela Porter	0	5	0
Y. J.	0	7	0

Total.....£137 13 0

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

FILSON YOUNG.

REVIEWS.

WILHELM THE CONQUEROR.

"William of Germany." By Stanley Shaw. Methuen. 7s. 6d. net.

THE German Emperor deserves—what he has scarcely obtained in this book—a dramatist or a genius for his life-writer. He is reigning, biographically, at the wrong time. Froude might have made something of him. Carlyle certainly should have exulted in him—whilst pulling off some of the drawcansir equipment—and from Carlyle we might have had a "Life" that would have lived as drama or history. He strikes one as just that strange compound of God and gunpowder that would have moved Carlyle. The theme, however, as Dr. Shaw handles it, does not give forth much light or explosion. Very likely Dr. Shaw has done as much with it as most industrious writers of books would do; for commonly the "Lives" of living men are dead failures; and as a rule they are, what this one is not, simply egregious.

Dr. Shaw is full of anecdotes about his hero. They are somewhat stock anecdotes. It is a pity he did not get from some sailor who was there the full story, which for some reason has never been printed, of how the Emperor once steamed through the lines of the British Fleet while it was manœuvring in Danish waters. The news suddenly went forth to the fleet that the Emperor in his yacht was near by, and at once the British Admiral prepared to honour him. The men and the officers who were thinking of dinner had to dress in hot haste, and just in time they were able to draw up and give him a great reception.

He stood on the bridge of his yacht, cold and stern, with a bare acknowledgment. He could not hide the anger he felt at the unexpected presence of a foreign fleet so near his own waters; and, on the other hand, the anger of the officers and crews, who had turned out thus only to be coolly snubbed, is quite as easy to imagine.

Ordinarily, the great qualities of the German Emperor include, we should say, generosity, which in that case was wanting. The dangerous spark in him seems always to have been sudden impulse. We turn to Dr. Shaw's pages to discover what he makes of the telegram to Krüger. Was that impulse, or generosity, or calculation, or what? On one page Dr. Shaw explains it satisfactorily away by the statement in 1909 of Chancellor von Bülow. The telegram, we are reminded, was simply "an act of State, the result of official consultations. It was in no wise an act of personal initiative on the part of his Majesty the Kaiser." That was "the truth of the matter". Unfortunately, on the next page, Dr. Shaw says this telegram was "a gesture which, it is highly probable, was partly prompted by the chivalrous side of his character". We feel we cannot have it both ways, for the ways are mutually destructive. We must choose between Chancellor von Bülow and Dr. Shaw—though Dr. Shaw himself appears to have no difficulty of the kind. We are not quite sure we shall not prefer Dr. Shaw to Chancellor von Bülow—despite the fact that Dr. Shaw himself appears to back the Chancellor.

Dr. Shaw, we must say, sees a possible defect or two in his work. "Inasmuch as the subject of this biography is still, as has been said, happily alive, and is, moreover, in the prime of his maturity, his life cannot be reviewed as a whole, nor the ultimate consequences of his character and policy be foretold". Dr. Shaw is safe here—truism surely was never more secure. But his final excuse for possible defects in his book is quite another thing. The Emperor, he tells us, "has been blameless from the moral standpoint". There is no question about the Emperor's "respectability or reputation," and "take from history—or from biography for that matter—the vices of those it treats of, and one-third, perhaps one-half, of its 'human interest' disappears". This is almost startling. It sounds rather like a weak bit out of Rochefoucauld. If it is true, the "human interest",

we fear, of a life of Queen Victoria must be badly wanting by at least thirty-three or fifty per cent. The same would apply to Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" or to Mr. Monypenny's of Disraeli.

Wellington, too, would be of the same company. Pitt—if we except the port—would be about the same percentage below par. What of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius? Should we not all go to sleep over his life, though it were written by the greatest genius? Doubtless there is something in what Dr. Shaw says; but it does not match very well the usual sentiments of his book, which are immaculate.

Dr. Shaw, in his final chapter, tries a character sketch of the Emperor, and tells us about many habits and traits in his hero. For example, Dr. Shaw finds in him a sense of humour. Doubtless that is quite right. The Kaiser, too, like other very powerful men of action, is fond, in moments of relaxation, of a stroke of shy fun. A little anecdote—which like the one above has at least the merit of being true and new—may illustrate this. Some years ago—we think it was at Malta—he met and took a strong fancy to an English officer with a high post on the ordnance side of the Army. One day, on board ship, he called this officer to his side and presented him to the staff as "My new chief of the Ordnance Department", or words expressly to that effect. The gallant German officers, for whom the pleasantry was meant, failed to appreciate it. There was an awkward gap in the conversation, and the Englishman rather wished the compliment had been paid him in another company.

This book, though not of its kind a particularly bad or gauche specimen, does not invite us to a serious estimate of the Kaiser. It is too naïve. It deals too much in trifling things, and somehow hæ nugæ non seria ducunt. But nobody who reads the German Emperor's speeches without bitter prejudice, and who has followed his tremendously strenuous career, can doubt he is a figure of rare force. The trappings of royalty, the drawcansir equipments of Imperialism count, of course, for much. They compel in most of us a sort of mechanical veneration. Goldsmith said something to the effect of: Take off an Emperor's crown and imagine him in his nightcap, the spell will be largely lost. Even recognising this truth, we may all agree that this Emperor, crowned or in his nightcap, is a man of splendid mark. He holds opinions and beliefs—though some of these are probably not so wonderful as the hero-worshippers suppose. He does not hint or hesitate his views: he comes bolt outright, sometimes even at inconvenient times, with them. This is one's idea of what a good man should often and of what a king should sometimes do.

D.

"ADOWN TITANIC GLOOMS."

"The Life of Francis Thompson." By Everard Meynell. Burns and Oates. 15s.

THERE is a Francis Thompson legend: that he was a simple spirit, a great, unhappy poet at once made and ruined by laudanum. The task of his biographer is either to substantiate and complete this legend or to relate the facts regardless of it, perhaps destroying it, perhaps correcting it. It is not an easy task, but among his admirers or friends more than one might be found to perform it in a sound, orderly manner. Had Mrs. Alice Meynell been willing to undertake it, she might have produced a masterpiece of critical narrative; she could have been counted on to do nothing excessive, nothing mean or common. Her son, Mr. Everard Meynell, has had the use of all possible material in writing the book now before us. In fact, his three hundred and fifty pages contain a very large part of that material, in the form of letters and reminiscences fully quoted, from the pens of relatives, priests, friends, and literary acquaintances. It is abundant and various, and it is interesting. It relates to every period of his life; if it has sometimes a bias, correction also is not wanting.

We see the shy schoolboy whose timidity convinced those in authority "that it is not the holy will of God that he should go on for the priesthood"; the youth who more or less deceived his father for six years into believing that he was studying medicine and then failed to pass the Army physical examination and to become "Private Thompson". We see him entering on the career of laudanum, which "staved off the assaults of tuberculosis" and "gave him the wavering strength that made life just possible for him" as bootblack, bookseller's collector, and literary hack, yet had to be intermitted to allow the poet in him to be born—"his images came toppling about his thoughts overflowing during the pains of abstinence".

We see in this book the mature man doing work in quality and quantity beyond that of most abstinent men, tasting misery to the full, yet often "more mirthful than many a man of cheerful, of social, or even of humorous reputation", valiantly writing prose articles so choice and careful as to excuse the exaggerations of his encomiasts, writing them sometimes under a street gas-jet. We see him, by pacing round and round his lodging all night, make a fairy ring on his landlady's carpet. . . . Many journalists of fair judgment could construct a tolerable book on Francis Thompson without seeking other help than Mr. Meynell's. But his book is barely tolerable. It is a very inartistic entangling of fact and legend. It has been written with a fatal eye on the legend. Above all, it lacks order and any sort of judgment altogether. In places it becomes a family matter. It is swollen and confused by "the idle mind of the present writer"; it is decorated with such notes as that where we are told that the late Mr. Stead, before sailing in the "Titanic", recommended to a friend "The Hound of Heaven" "with the strangely significant line, 'Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears'", and by such remarks as that "to be in common light is even better preparation for the communion of poets than to be on common ground", apropos of Francis Thompson's note that a landscape was "particularly beautiful—something to do with the light, Patmore thinks". And excellent as many of the documents are, not a few should have been abridged or paraphrased, or, if the book was to be read, dissolved in the biographer's narrative. As it is, the quotations are so long and ill-arranged, the commentary so injudicious, that to master the book a reader has to go through all the pains of authorship.

BEAUTIFUL YESTERDAY.

"Lyrics and Dramas." By Stephen Phillips. Lane. 4s. 6d.

"Odes." By Laurence Binyon. Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d.

"Auguries." By Laurence Binyon. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

MINOR verse is often slackly taken to mean verse that fails in accomplishment or in personality. The term "minor" is used reproachfully, as a word of depreciation. We do not so intend to use it here. The verse in these little volumes of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Binyon is not minor in that the authors have in any sense failed to do what they intended. They intended to write minor verse, and they have succeeded.

There are, in fact, two kinds of poet. Once, or perhaps twice, in a generation a poet is born who sings the new life of that generation. He shows his contemporaries the power and the glory of their own lives, and of the world in which they live. He sees beauty in the present works of man. He accepts the life of his time, glories in it, and shows the men of his time, or more often the men who come after, wherein life is beautiful as he sees it passing. He wins a new kingdom for poets to come, finding beauty where men less divinely inspired saw only confusion. Tennyson was such a poet, showing men how cold

philosophy of the nineteenth century might be warmed into loveliness by the poet who accepted, and did not bewail, it. Browning was such a poet—"The Ring and the Book" to-day remaining as the last great poetic advance along the devious ways of human emotion and thought. These are the major poets.

The minor poets live less in the present than in the past. They are stirred less by the confused activities of their day than by the great histories of yesterday, smoothed out by time. These men are inspired rather by literature than by life. The life that inspires them is life that is already interpreted and made plain by their great forerunners. Frequently these minor poets, in proportion as they find beauty in life that has passed, find only squalor in life that is passing. They mourn for the hamadryads, and call down fire upon the modern street. They do not remember that the ancient poets who first saw the hamadryads among the trees of their passing world would to-day find the hamadryads' successors in ways where modern life is lived at its highest pitch of vitality.

Mr. Stephen Phillips is "minor" to the heart. Every symptom of the minor poet is in these "Lyrics and Dramas". First, he is inspired by other literature rather than by life itself. Shakespeare's lines upon death and cold obstruction lyrically fire him through twenty-seven sinless lines. The "woman wailing for her demon lover" impels him to five stanzas in a skilful dilution of the mood of the original. The "face that launched a thousand ships" becomes in Mr. Phillips's "Keats to Fanny Browne":

"You are that Helen whose sweet smile allured
The Grecian keels across Ionian foam."

Beside this sympathetic reaction towards literature there runs a parallel reaction against life. In "The Doom of Sails" Mr. Phillips mourns for "sails of the olden sea"; in place of which we have the "stern and stunted ironclad". Elsewhere he cries against the "snorting engine, grinding car"; and in a "Nightmare of London" bewails the encroachment of modern life upon "the green field and the waving plain". This is the minor refrain of poets who run from the harsh exterior of present life, and therefore never penetrate further to the heart of things. These poets are men of taste; not men of inspiration.

The minor strain in Mr. Phillips is even clearer in the way he praises, when praise he can, some picture or figure of the modern world. "The Fireman" is a poem celebrating with admiration the hero of engines and escapes. But when Mr. Phillips praises this modern figure he can only convey his emotion by going straight back into the past for his poetic figures and illustrations. The fire-engine becomes a "chariot"; the horses become "thundering chargers". Even the few glories of the present which Mr. Phillips can see must be celebrated in terms of the past.

Some themes are for ever young, and these Mr. Phillips touches with an easy grace—the grace a little too easy, perhaps, when we reflect how many poets have touched them. The best lines, fairy fine, we find in these "Lyrics and Dramas" are in the lyric, "Miranda's Eyes":

"What colour are Miranda's eyes?
Will no one tell me, pray?
Now fleeting blue as April skies,
Sudden a tender grey!
What is the colour of her eyes?
"What colour are Miranda's eyes?
Are they of dawn or eve?
A moment laughter in them lies;
The next they seem to grieve.
Tell me the colour of her eyes!"

Mr. Binyon's volumes—the poems of 1901 revised and the later "Auguries"—are less conspicuously minor in that the echoes from literature are less obvious, and the sweet moan against present unloveliness of man

and the world less insistent. Nevertheless, the minor note is there, and subdues the song to an echo of the old, triumphant voices. Sometimes Mr. Binyon mourns outright the vanished beauty of life, echoing Mr. Phillips's calling for "sails of the olden sea". In "The Dryad"—perhaps the most beautiful of the odes—Mr. Binyon writes:—

"O for that morning of the simple world,
When hollow oak and fount and flowering reed
Were storied each with glimpses of a face
By dropping hair dew-pearled!"

Sometimes, again like Mr. Phillips, Mr. Binyon denounces the ugliness of modern life where a major poet would look quite through the ugliness to humanity beneath:

"For life is all a cheapening,
And the rain is over everything,
And there is neither mirth nor woe.
Who made it so, who made it so?"

Mr. Binyon sees it so; but how do we know whether it really be made so? The great poet has yet to tell us that.

It is true Mr. Binyon sometimes finds "that morning of the simple world" to-day:

"Nay, thou hast still thine hour;
And in a girl's life-trusting April mirth,
Or noble boy's clear and victorious eyes,
Thou shinest with the charm and with the power
Of all that wisdom loses to be wise."

But the point is that Mr. Binyon looks for yesterday's old beauty to-day, missing it sometimes, and sometimes finding it:

"Surely her feet a moment rested here!"

This is not the quest of the major, but of the minor, poet. However pursued, with whatever taste and feeling, there remains a difference in kind.

Mr. Binyon's poetic style is admirably fitted for the pursuit and half-glimpse of old beauty. His verses are carved upon marble, engraved upon metal tablets. They are statuesque, coldly and clearly cut. Each sentence and image stands hard and stark; and when, as often happens, a flush comes into his words it seems as if we looked upon the miracle of Pygmalion. The wilful rush of genius is not within his lines; but often we exclaim:

"Surely her feet a moment rested here!"

There are few poets to-day of whom we can say so much.

THE BUTCHER.

"William Augustus Duke of Cumberland: His Early Life and Times, 1721-1748." By the Hon. Evan Charteris. Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. CHARTERIS has set himself a difficult task. There seems to be nothing to be done for some historical personages. We feel about them as we feel about some houses or rooms, or cooks or weather. For instance, Judge Jeffreys, Cumberland, Torquemada, Guy Fawkes, Charles II. Their reputations are settled, their goose cooked. They have entered into life everlasting. It's unfair, but, as Mr. Charteris observes, "possibly to the credit of human nature".

The author knows he has got hold of a lost cause. He puts it excellently (pp. 238-9): "Cumberland stands for the big battalions and the settled order of things, for law and discipline, Whig Government, the security of the Protestant Faith, a Parliamentary bargain, the sober, reasoned sense of the nation—all that was matter-of-fact and unadorned"; and he goes on to point the contrast with Charles Edward. It's a perceptive and eloquent passage. But, further: The

Duke of Cumberland is in much the same plight as Lady Macbeth's little hand. All the waters of Araby could not sweeten it. Nor will Mr. Charteris's agreeable ink do much for his man in that line.

It is difficult to say—all said and done—whether Mr. Charteris himself likes the Duke of Cumberland much better than, say, the late Queen Victoria did. His affections seem affianced to the Duke of Newcastle in a degree comparable alone with the liking for strange pets which some people suffer from. He has all kinds of good to say of his favourite, but rests chiefly on his long record of office. For a man of second-rate ability to be "in" for forty years—almost without a break—speaks little, or much, for the political level and arrangements of his day. But, after all, it is the mediocrities like Newcastle who bring that sort of thing off. Even in more recent days we are familiar with the stamina of the "old gang". What little residue is left over from the Duke is accorded to Marshal Saxe, his "airy" remarks and demeanour at critical junctures, and the soundness of his generalship. In our own jejune mind, Saxe has hitherto been associated with his portrait in the centre of a wedding-present Sèvres plate and a second-class race-horse; thus the chapters devoted to the Marshal are most welcome. Somehow or other, though, neither Cumberland nor Saxe, nor Charles Edward, quite seems to live for the author in actual flesh and blood. They want Burgundy or Pink Pills. They seem too much the creatures of faithful, careful, diligent research; a little scant of the breath of life, too instinct of the "télédurs" of the Round Room at the British Museum.

With a way of his own in the presentation of character, or of events, or of reflections, the methods remind us too often of Jules Lemoine and too seldom of Lord Macaulay. Now and then, too, he brings us to the very verge of a broad effect—dwells, discriminates, and leaves us with something which suggests the domestic school of Dutch painting. This, after all, is only to say that with M. Lemoine and Gerhard Dow and Petre de Hooghe he is in excellent company. Now for a more serious criticism. Are you not, Mr. Charteris, a little over prone to moral-pointing? Take this, for instance. It is held necessary to account for a mildish escapade of Cumberland's salad days. This is how it's done: "He" (Cumberland) "had neither the initiative nor the originality of character and temperament to emancipate himself from the current modes of the youth of the day. He accepted life in the form it was presented to him, and it cannot be said that he endowed it either with saving grace or elevation of mind". Beware! A sentence or two of this kind may refrigerate pages. But a very real value resides in this book, in that it obliges us to weigh the past by the past, and not by the subsequent or the present.

What did the general public of those days think of the Jacobite rising during 1745-1746? After Preston Pans, indeed, Duncan Forbes, writing of Edinburgh and its environs, declared that all doubtful people had become Jacobites, all bankrupts heroes, all fine ladies enamoured of the Prince. But this did not last long. The enthusiasm was very patchy. Glasgow was never charmed out of its solemn senses. Mr. Charteris talks of "Jacobitism oozing to the surface", but the rising in 1745 was surely emotional and sporadic. In 1740 Bolingbroke, well informed and well affected, describes it to Wyndham as an "unorganised lump of inert matter". In the Lowlands it had no general vitality in '45. Mrs. Hepburn, in her vivid and charming letter to Miss Pringle, dated Oct. 12, 1745, given in full for our delight in Appendix C, concludes the account of her visit to the camp at Duddingston and of her impressions in these words: "He" (Charles Edward) "looks much better in Lowland than in Highland dress. Poor man! I wish he may escape with his life. I've no notion he will succeed." Very soon after this the Hanoverian general, Liginier, wrote to his friends in London advising them to buy stocks.

In England things never went well. The Lancashire squires held aloof. Manchester's welcome and "farewell" inspired one of the most wistful of the Jacobite

songs, but even Manchester turned restive after the retreat from Derby. Offers to assist the Government poured in. The Whig Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland, Montagu declared themselves ready to raise regiments. The gentlemen of Yorkshire raised £90,000. Liverpool, too, found money. In London the general hostility to the Jacobites was said by Horace Walpole to be "amazing". Colonel Talbot in "Waverley", in what he has to say to Edward Waverley about the rebellion and the Highlanders, doubtless reflects pretty accurately the typical and average gentlefolk English view. Even Dr. Johnson, an avowed and controversial Jacobite, had little stomach at the time for their performances. Later on he used to say he much preferred his pension from George III. to any pleasure he had formerly discovered in cursing the House of Hanover and drinking King James's health.

Nothing in Cumberland's letters equals the cold arm-chair brutality of Newcastle's and Chesterfield's or H. Walpole's or Richmond's parti-pris, or of their sayings about the Jacobites.

These, after all, were the men who framed the policy and issued the instructions. Cumberland may have agreed—at all events he fully acquiesced—but if so he agreed and acquiesced with an overwhelming majority of his fellow citizens in town and country.

Mr. Charteris states it concisely: "the policy of 1715 had failed—Jacobitism had survived. It had continued to play a part in the politics of Europe—it had continued to be a menace at home. . . . This time it was necessary to adopt further measures." The Lord President—a humane and sagacious man—wrote to Sir John Cope that any omission of severe measures was "cruelty to the kingdom".

Like Colonel Culverin,* who would have been in all the battles in Flanders had his regiment been ordered there, it is a pleasure to hear Mr. Charteris talk of war. Yet our author is no colonel. We understand him to be a middle-aged barrister in strong practice at the Parliamentary Bar, and a plus two man at golf. When he gets alongside of Marshal Saxe in the Low Countries he writes on deep formation, envelopments, "containings", and minor tactics with all the confidence and perception of a military correspondent of the *Times*. Under the walls of Bergen-op-Zoom he discourses on bastions and lunettes, ravelins and counterscarps, re-entrants and salients in a manner which impress a Staff College coach. But the Low Country chapters are informing and able. However, it is time to part with the Duke of Cumberland. John Wesley speaks of him as an active and useful man, and was pleased at the sound selection of religious books in Cranbourne Tower! Horace Walpole rates him among the five great men he had himself known. No man, says the author, rated integrity and honour higher or worked less for his own hand. With none of the softer virtues, a man possessed of courage, honesty, and obstinacy; a capable soldier and a fervent patron of English sports is Mr. York Powell's estimate.

"No man but a blockhead", said Dr. Johnson, "ever wrote a book except for money". Be that as it may, let us hope that the incentive which has turned Mr. Charteris's attention to letters and to this period will not abate.

THE GLORY OF GLASS.

"A Stained Glass Tour in Italy." By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

"Stained Glass of the Middle Ages." By Hugh Arnold. Painted by Lawrence B. Saint. Black. 25s.

AMONGST the earliest purchases made by Mr. Pierpont Morgan in starting his wonderful collection of works of art were some panels of old Italian stained glass, and of these he is said to have been more proud than of any of the things he bought later. Old glass has increased very greatly in value within

late years, and so little is to be met with out of its original setting even in our museums that a student and enthusiast must travel far and wide to study and to enjoy the precious masterpieces of the art. Description and photographs are unsatisfying, seeing that colour is almost the beginning and the end of stained glass. As well might one attempt to describe in words the scent of a flower that only blooms in a remote land, or the quality of voice of some great singer of the past. All attempts in paint, on paper or canvas, give only a dull reflection of the glorious translucency and jewel-like sparkle of stained glass.

What painter has not known a feeling of despair at the limitations of his pigments when trying to reproduce nature's exquisite tints and colour effects, brilliant and gorgeous as the *eschscholtzia* or luminous and delicate as a wet opal in sunlight? Glass alone with pure light streaming through will capture and fix permanently the highest notes of our colour sense. A series of glass sketches—i.e., exact reproductions reduced, say, to the scale of a Swiss heraldic medallion—from the finest examples abroad, would be of incalculable educational value to students and a delight to all in our museums and galleries. Costly, no doubt, as good work of this kind must be, owing to the versatile knowledge and laboriously acquired skill required of the craftsman, and the many and intricate processes of its production.

Instead, however, of finding fault with our author for what he cannot do, let us say what he does. He tells us exactly where in Italy to find the finest old windows, giving route maps, distances, and all such particulars if we wish to travel with his book as a guide. Though he assumes his readers to be experts, and is very apologetic for giving even a cursory description of the technical process of stained glass production and will not "oppress" them with it, yet he calls ruby glass red, speaks of the metallic oxides used in colouring the pot-metal as "dye" put into the pot, and of the leads as "strips of lead with long slender channels cut in each side". His copious historical information concerning the cities of Lucca and Milan are entertaining enough, but have slender bearing upon his subject; he is discursive on the architecture of Pisa, but well describes the windows in the cathedral as "deeply toned of many hues, little paint and as many figures as you like, regardless of the additional labour required to lead them in, the work undoubtedly of an artist and an enthusiast". Mr. Sherrill is unconvincing in his oft-repeated execration of what he calls the craze for the stiff conventions of so-called canopy windows with their jarring contrast of light admitting sentry-boxes degenerating into mere frames. He explains truly that Italian light is generally strong enough to illumine through windows entirely filled with rich colour, but where more light is demanded he inconsistently prefers the Dutch method of rich colouring below with the top third of a window left blank. Nevertheless our own English fifteenth-century work still influences the best modern designers, who consider the white and stain canopy gives light without unduly dazzling its enclosed subject. For the rest, Mr. Sherrill gives a delightful description of the lovely effects of changing light through windows "glazed" with thin alabaster; recalls the lamentable destruction of much fine work through volley-firing and for the purpose of melting the leads into bullets; has a good summary of the Italian periods, comparing them with those of other countries; and some interesting anecdotes concerning William of Marcillat and such leaders of the craft, with details of their methods.

It is unusual as it is refreshing nowadays to find anyone writing from the historical standpoint upon ecclesiastical works of art who does not altogether ignore the pious purpose of their bygone designers and donors. In several of Mr. Arnold's most readable pages he describes how many well schemed arrangements of type and antitype and sequences of symbolical figures he has met with in ancient windows, showing how fervent must have been the feelings prompting the decorators of sacred buildings in past ages, as compared with those of our present-day committees when they apply to business firms for suggestions and quotations at "per foot super". The

* A Modern Conversation [The World] by Lord Chesterfield.

method of production of a stained glass window is not easily explained. Seldom have we met with a more lucid description in brief of a process, as Mr. Arnold says, "finally perfected some five hundred years ago", than is here given in the first chapter. Then follows an enthusiastic appreciation of surviving examples of the earliest styles. Further on the author writes for the few who could be expected to follow with sustained interest his speculations, however correct they may be, concerning the exact sequence of date of execution of the windows in York, Chartres and elsewhere. Later on the book warms up to the high level of interest at which it began, and, leaving off abruptly at the Fairford glass, makes us hope for a sequel dealing with the Renaissance period. Owing to the limited number of fine old examples still preserved to us, each new book must traverse familiar ground in describing them. We lately had the pleasure of reviewing one by Mr. Drake, addressed to collectors as our present subject is to lovers of history. Mr. Saint's fifty beautiful drawings in colour could not be better printed, and are so good that by those giving the ensemble of grand windows we are the more tantalised in missing the translucency of the real glass. Many of the little sketches of detail are most fascinating, particularly some quaint little monks with mediæval noses, showing how ideals even of that feature change with the centuries.

NOVELS.

"Hagar." By Mary Johnston. Constable. 6s.

MISS Mary Johnston is a writer who knows her own powers and keeps always well within them. She writes pleasantly and easily, never forcing the note or attempting modern tricks of cleverness. Her latest novel is an excellent character-study of a woman of to-day, fascinating, restless, wayward, imbued with modernity and unable to accept unquestioningly current conventions and ideas.

Hagar is the offspring of an unfortunate union. Her father, a ne'er-do-well of good family, makes a disastrous marriage with a penniless remnant of a broken-down family on some lost coast. He soon repents of his bargain. Possessing a small income in his own right, he deserts his wife and child, leaving his father and mother to look after them. But he does not share the fate of the prodigal son, and eat husks with the swine and slink back home at last. He enjoys life, and in due course death unmakes his marriage. He then marries a very rich and charming widow, and proceeds to take up the rôle of dutiful parent.

But the neglected Hagar has acquired an individuality of her own, and she is not altogether ready to fit into the scheme of things. She has become a writer with high ambitions. She has many men to love her, but she will not relinquish her freedom. The Woman's Movement claims her. "'Do you think', she asks one of her lovers, that only mind in man rebels? Mind in woman does it, too. And it comes about that there are always more rebels, men and women. We are quite numerous to-day. . . . But there are women who do not rebel, as there are men. There are many women who will grant you your every premise, who are horrified in company with you, horrified at us others. . . . Why do you not wish to mate among your own kind?'

'I wish to mate with you'.

"She shook her head. 'That you cannot do. . . . There is being a line drawn. Some men and women are on one side of it, and some men and women are on the other side of it. There is taking place a sorting-out. . . . In the things that make the difference you are where you were when Troy fell. I cannot go back, down all those slopes of Time.'"

But love, after a very long tussle, triumphs in the end.

It is a little lacking in humour; but it is real. Hagar is a type of a woman that does actually exist. She

lives before us, and Miss Johnston has achieved a notable success in presenting us with such a lifelike figure.

"Subsoil." By Charles Marriott. Hurst and Blackett.

Although Mr. Marriott sometimes allows the art critic in him to lord it over the novelist, his latest book is a significant and highly interesting contribution to the history of modern manners. In "Subsoil" his aim has been to show how certain apparently chaotic and anarchic tendencies of the time are in reality purposeful moves in the democratic movement. The painter, Sutherland, who holds the centre of his stage, abandons academic honours in the desire to be "understood of the people". Furniture, posters, and scenery for theatres are among the instruments he uses when he comes to believe that the framed canvas in a gallery is no longer of supreme use for his purpose. His love story would count for little did it not illustrate the cleavage which the revolution of ideas is making in the fabric of society. Sylvia, to whom the artist is engaged, belongs to the class which has much to lose by change, and class-consciousness as well as self-interest keep her in the reactionary or the stationary camp. The actual breaking of their engagement suggests at first that Mr. Marriott has given too little heed to human feelings, for we are not yet accustomed to the idea that difference of opinion on art or politics is a bar to love or friendship. It is only on second thought that we grasp the author's point of view. He has linked together a number of comparatively small things, and has shown how they make a great chain forged of one metal. Sutherland is the advanced democrat of art, so between him and such as Sylvia there can be no possible sympathy; and, as their affection had always been friendly rather than passionate, their refusal of marriage is natural enough. For all this, however, we do not imagine that Mr. Marriott will be "understood of the people" for some time to come. His appeal is wholly intellectual, and to the very limited audience of intelligent persons.

"The Truth about Camilla." By Gertrude Hall. Heinemann. 6s.

This is a long and carefully constructed novel, and it exists primarily for its study of the character of Camilla. Miss Hall has evidently taken much trouble to write her story, and we must own that we have met with almost equal trouble in reading it. Camilla, with her desire to excel in all things, or, at least, to have the appearance of excellence, is a finished type of the feminine egotist, and as such may be worthy of an investigator's interest, but we believe she would have been a more vital figure had she been revealed by a single incident in a short story. As it is, we have to follow her through many years of life, from the days of her childish poverty to her marriage with a marquis in the last chapter. Her history is spun out to an inordinate length by many pages of unnecessary conversation, yet it is only by a few of the author's explanatory sentences that we come to any proper understanding of the character of this dubious heroine. The book is a monument to wasted pains and energy, but the occasional glimpses of Italian life go some way towards redeeming it from its generally dull futility.

"The Golden Hole." By James Blyth. White. 6s.

Except for the care which Mr. Blyth has taken in getting up the medical evidence for his detective story, we can find little to praise in his work. Calthrop, an eminent financier, is suspected of the murder of his secretary, and something which seems very like a proof of his guilt comes to the knowledge of the young physician, who is in love with his daughter. The situation is fairly promising for a novel of mystery and crime, but it is only handled in feeble fashion. Writers of such tales should always give their readers some small chance of dis-

covering the real criminal, but Mr. Blyth does not even introduce us to the murderer until the end is well within sight. Such a determined screening of the guilty almost seems to make the author "an accessory after the fact", and it is annoying for those members of the public whose delight in this class of fiction comes from their desire to be amateur detectives.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Romola", "Felix Holt", "Scenes of Clerical Life". By George Eliot. Blackwood. 1s. each vol.

Six more volumes of this sterling copyright edition of George Eliot's novels come to us. It is a good excuse to read "Felix Holt" and the "Scenes" once again. "Was George Eliot a novelist?" To the poor puzzled, confused creatures who ask this question, we say—read these stories over three or four times—either you will then discover that she was "a novelist", a supreme novelist, or you are quite past hoping for or helping. Perhaps "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" is the finest short story of the last sixty years or so. As to "Felix Holt" why do the heathen in literary taste and judgment imagine such vain things about it? It is a masterly little picture gallery, little character gallery. Besides, George Eliot could describe a party politician—which not one of our living novelists can for a moment; even in the past, hardly anyone but Trollope and Disraeli succeeded with their politicians. The Liberal candidate for Parliament in Felix Holt is a candidate. Popular novelists to-day would have made him a dummy.

"Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. XVII-XX. Longmans. £12 12s. net for set of 24 vols.

These volumes are devoted wholly to Morris's work in prose romance: "The Wood beyond the World", versions of several old French tales, the long story of "The Well at the World's End" (occupying two volumes), and his "Water of the Wondrous Isles." It is characteristic of Morris's talent that there is little to choose between these pieces. He had something of the Spenserian temperament; what appeals to him in romantic art is not so much the violent, the surprising element, as an equable flow of verdant narrative. His industry in the production of these bulky compositions is a quality almost incompatible with the higher reaches of romantic imagination. It must, however, be admitted that a style of English in the first instance very consciously archaic becomes by use an almost natural style with Morris. "The Water of the Wondrous Isles" illustrates this maturity; there is an ease and felicity of phrasing which is less manifest in the earlier works. The introductions to the volumes, taken together when the whole issue is complete, will amount to quite a full and intimate biography.

Milton's Astronomy: The Astronomy of "Paradise Lost." By T. N. Orchard. Longmans. 7s. 6d. net.

If ever the time comes to kindle the bonfire which is to light alas!—yet not altogether alas!—the bulk of our printed matter into everlasting darkness, we hope this book will not find its way to the flame: for it is a book full of beautiful thought and quotation. It is written by an expert who is yet very far from poor Dry-as-Dust, on whom Carlyle poured such torrents of anger and scorn; by one who reveres the glorious muse of Milton; and by one who, though he can measure and weigh stars, and tell us about their parallax, has none the less the eye and heart of an artist. The book is excellent indeed and beautiful in all ways, and it is something of a joy to recommend it to anyone who has an eye for colour and a mind for stars. It is worth tons of popular uninteresting printed stuff, which is sold nowadays by the weight—by the quantity, not at all for the quality.

How few by the way are aware that on many autumn and winter nights, even in London, the stars may be enjoyed almost as well as in the country, save that one misses those fine sky lines, which add so much to the pleasure of the star-gazer among downs and hills and in the marshes and among the woods. We have often watched Orion from the Chelsea Embankment flickering just as intensely as we find it when surveying the sky from country districts; the Pleiades, too, glittering like "a swarm of fire flies". The chief gem of Lyra can be as steely-blue over London on a clear night as over remote countryside: whilst from city streets, if you dare to look up—it is certainly not quite safe to look for long lest a crowd gathers and looks up—you may at the right season catch sight of that great star Capella glowing and palpitating in its peculiar way in the after-glow. Mr. Orchard not only tells us about Milton's astronomy, but he gives many clear and delightful notes about the chief constellations and the planets.

"General Sir Alex. Taylor, G.C.B., R.E.: his times, his friends and his work." By A. Cameron Taylor. Williams and Norgate. 2 vols. 25s. net.

It is the fashion nowadays for the memoirs of almost every public man, distinguished or otherwise, to be issued. Sir Alex. Taylor was a distinguished officer, who served his country well both in India, and afterwards as head of Cooper's Hill College. His services in the Sikh campaigns and the Indian Mutiny were notable. But it is just questionable whether two thick volumes were necessary to commemorate his achievements. Miss Taylor, nevertheless, has done her work well; and her explanatory chapters and notes, dealing with various episodes in her father's career, are models of what such work should be.

"Twenty-Five Years' Reminiscences." By Katharine Tynan. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.

Miss Katharine Tynan (Mrs. H. A. Hinkson) is a familiar figure in contemporary Irish literature and the author of many charming books and poems. Her reminiscences are as chatty and human as the rest of her work. Memories of old Dublin, of the Rossettis, the Meynells, Lord Lytton, Francis Thompson and "Willie Yeats" add to the general interest. One is amused at the picture of Christina Rossetti entering in short grey tweeds and a stout pair of boots and talking rather colloquially to the great disappointment of Miss Tynan, who had expected an exotic personality in trailing draperies. Curiously enough that other poet, Lawrence Hope, the writer of "The Garden of Kama" startled Mrs. Woodeforde-Finden by her masculine manners and dress in a similar fashion—as a recently published article related. In the chapters on the Yeats family readers of Miss Tynan's book "The Luck of the Fairfaxes" will recognise several originals of the characters portrayed therein—especially John Fairfax the artist, in J. B. Yeats, the painter, while W. B. Yeats is uncommonly like Wat, the poet of the Fairfax story.

"The Booklover's London." By A. St. John Adcock. Methuen. 6s. net.

Mr. St. John Adcock writes pleasantly and without pedantry of parts of old and new London which have their places in literature by reason of having been described by authors or used as scenes in plays and in the novels of Defoe, Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and Disraeli. His book will certainly make London more interesting to the man who has read. Almost all the great thoroughfares have their literary associations from "stony-hearted Oxford Street" whose pavements de Quincey paced in search of the poor street-walker whose charity saved him from death, to Windsor Terrace, City Road, a high drab street, shaped like a funnel where lived Mr. Micawber.

"Oxford Historical and Literary Studies." Vol. 1. "Elizabethan Rogues and Vagabonds." By Frank Aydelotte. Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.

There is a considerable literature of rogues and vagabonds. In writing of Elizabethan rogues and vagabonds Mr. Frank Aydelotte has adopted the method of piecing together historical and literary material so as to make as complete a picture as possible of their life. His book is entertaining, dealing as it does with begging and conny-catching as an art.

In Elizabethan London there was a band of rogues and sharpers very different from the race of vagabonds of the road. The city rogue lived as a gallant, haunted taverns, ordinaries, and theatres, beat the watch, took purses, and outwitted gulls. When he had sunk a stage lower he played the roystering boy, or, if he was a fellow of more courage or desperation, he became a professional ruffian and murderer, of the type depicted in "Macbeth" and "Arden of Feversham".

The game most commonly used for conny-catching was called Decoy or Mumchance-at-cards. "It was very simple: the pack was shuffled and cut, each player called a card, and the man whose card came first won. The trick was in cutting to bring a card which you had seen yourself or shown to a confederate near the top of the pack. Every card-player understands such tricks, and doubtless did in Greene's time. Reginald Scot explains how to shuffle and manipulate the cards for tricks of this kind, and describes a number of similar sleights: 'How to deliuer out foure aces, and to conuert them into foure knaues;—how to tell what card anie man thinketh;—how to make one drawe the same or anie card you list, etc.'"

Mr. Aydelotte exposes all the tricks of the trade and it is surprising to find that many of the same dodges that are used to fleece the gull to-day were practised in the Elizabethan age.

Via Veritatis: Notes for Daily Bible Reading. Edited by W. B. Trevelyan and J. E. Dawson; with a preface on the Devotional Use of the Bible by C. Gore. Longmans. 6s. 6d. net.

The presence of Mr. Trevelyan's name on the title-page of this book is a guarantee that it has been compiled with the highest aims and the purest intentions; but unfortunately that is the utmost that we can say in its praise. It is a selection of passages from the Bible arranged for reading throughout the Church's

year and with special reference to each of the sacred seasons; and there is in each case a short introduction and a series of notes. These are devotional rather than critical or exegetical, and if only they had been good they might have been really useful. But they are not good; there is not enough explanation of the harder sentences or verses (which, after all, is what the layman wants), and there is a great deal too much moral reflexion. The Bishop of Oxford contributes a short preface; but as he frankly confesses that he has not read the book, he is prudent in confining himself to general remarks on the devotional reading of the Bible.

The Present Relations of Science and Religion. By T. G. Bonney (Library of Historic Theology). R. Scott. 5s. net.

Canon Bonney is a very high scientific authority—he was President of the British Association in 1910—and an earnest Christian who has found in science a help, not a hindrance, to his faith. In this book he has described the progress of the physical sciences and their relations, past and present, with religion; in fact, there is a good deal more about their past relations than the title suggests. But he has also defined what their relations ought to be, stating and criticising the ordinary scientific objections to theism and Christianity, and giving us a very useful piece of popular apologetic. He seems to us to be at his best when writing on science; as a theologian, he writes carefully, soberly, and with shrewd commonsense; but he does not show that complete mastery of his subject and of its smallest details which marks him in the treatment of his own special study. Somewhat strangely in his preface he hints that his conclusions will probably be more acceptable to his fellow-workers in science than to the majority of his fellow-clergy; but we have failed to discover anything that is likely to offend the most sensitive orthodoxy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

Baroque Architecture (Martin Shaw Briggs). Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham (Basil Williams). Longmans. 2 vols. 25s. net.

Francisco Goya: His Work and Personality (Hugh Stokes). Jenkins. 10s. 6d. net.

A Pepys of Mogul India, 1653-1708 (Nicolao Manucci). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Hagar (Mary Johnston). Constable. 6s.

The Mountain Apart (James Prosper). Heinemann. 6s.

The Growth of a Soul (August Strindberg). Rider. 3s. 6d. net.

That Mighty City (Ashmore K. P. Wingate). St. Andrews: Henderson. 3s. 6d. net.

The Honour of the House (Mrs. Hugh Fraser and J. I. Stahlmann). Hutchinson. 6s.

Whispering Dust (Eldrid Reynolds). Alston Rivers. 6s.

Because (Maud Yardley); **The Secret of the Zenana** (May Wynne). Stanley Paul. 6s. each.

The Elusive Wife (R. Penley); **The Vaudevillians**. Long. 6s. each.

The Ring of Necessity (Mrs. Stuart Erskine). Alston Rivers. 6s.

Julia and I in Canada (by the Author of "Daphne in the Fatherland"). Melrose. 6s.

Jeffrey Marden, Surgeon (E. N. Blamey). Everett. 6s.

Bertha Garlan (Arthur Schnitzler). Goschen. 4s. 6d. net.

GIFT BOOKS.

A Boy Scout in the Balkans (John Finnemore). 5s.; **Rosalie's New School** (Elsie Oxenham); **Moll Meredyth, Madcap** (May Baldwin). 3s. 6d. each; **Jo Maxwell, Schoolgirl** (Lizzie C. Reid); **Pam, Robin, and Stumps** (Gertrude Doughty). 2s. 6d. each. Chambers.

Threads of Grey and Gold (Myrtle Reed). Putnam. 6s.

Helmet and Cowl (W. M. Letts and M. F. S. Letts). Wells Gardner. 5s. net.

Jackanapes and Other Tales (J. H. Ewing). Bell. 2s. 6d. net.

With Hunter, Trapper and Scout in Camp and Field (Edited by Alfred H. Miles). Holden and Hardingham. 5s.

Sunday Reading for the Young; **Chatterbox**. 3s. each; **The Prize, Leading Strings**. 1s. 6d. each. Wells Gardner.

When I was a Little Girl (Zona Gale). Macmillan. 6s.

Nancy in the Wood (Marion Bryce). Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

Adam Bede (George Eliot). 10s. 6d. net; **Lorna Doone** (R. D. Blackmore). 6s. net. Chambers.

Our Empire. S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d. net.

Buccaneer's Island (Henry R. Cooke). Long. 3s. 6d.

Old-World Love Stories (translated from the French by Eugene Mason). Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

Rosemary the Rebel (Dorothea Moore). 5s.; **The Girl Who Lost Things** (Lena Tyack). 2s. 6d.; **Under Wolfe's Flag** (Rowland Walker). 2s. Partridge.

Wet Magic (E. Nesbit). Werner Laurie. 6s.

HISTORY.

English Travellers of the Renaissance (Claire Howard). Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Rome of the Pilgrims and Martyrs (Ethel Ross Barker). Methuen. 12s. 6d. net.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

The Origin and History of Irish Names of Places (P. W. Joyce). Vol. III. Longmans. 5s.

The Tariff Reformer's Pocket Book, 1914 (edited by G. Graham Anderson). Tariff Reform League.

Paul's Simplicode; **The Everyday Vegetable Book** (by F. K.). Stanley Paul. 1s. net each.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám (translated from the Lucknow Edition by Johnson Pasha). Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d. net.

Indien (Karl Bædeker). Fisher Unwin. 20s. net.

Tears and Triumph (Dowell O'Reilly). Lindfield, N.S.W.: Published by Author. 1s. net.

Père Goriot (Honoré de Balzac). Dent. 1s. net.

The Waverley Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens:—Nicholas Nickleby (Introduction by E. F. Benson), 2 vols.; Little Dorrit (Introduction by Baroness Orczy), 2 vols.; The Pickwick Papers (Introduction by Andrew Lang), 2 vols.; Reprinted Pieces; Sketches by Boz; American Notes, etc. (Introduction by W. B. Maxwell); The Un-Commercial Traveller (Introduction by W. Pett Ridge). Waverley Book Co. 2s. 6d. net each.

SCHOOL BOOK.

Quantity and Accent in the Pronunciation of Latin (F. W. Westaway). Cambridge: At the University Press. 3s. net.

SCIENCE.

Mountains: Their Origin, Growth, and Decay (James Geikie). Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd. 12s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah (Loring W. Batten). Edinburgh: Clark. 10s. 6d.

Studies in the Devotional Life (The Rev. Peter Green). Wells Gardner. 1s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

Buddhist China (Reginald Fleming Johnston). 15s. net; **Aegean Days** (J. Irving Manatt). 12s. net. Murray.

A Winter in India (Archibald B. Spens). Stanley Paul. 6s. net.

Desert and Water Gardens of the Red Sea (Cyril Crossland). Cambridge: At the University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

Camping in Crete (Aubyn Trevor-Battye). Witherby. 10s. 6d. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

Knave of Hearts, 1894-1908 (Arthur Symons). Heinemann. 5s. net.

Poems and Miscellaneous Verse (J. Wells Thatcher). Kingston-on-Thames: Knapp, Drewett. 3s. 6d. net.

Anguries (Laurence Binyon). Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

Songs Satanic and Celestial (Lewis Spence). Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.

In Fairy-Fane ("Chanticleer"). National Children's Home. 1s. net.

Magic: A Fantastic Comedy in a Prelude and Three Acts (G. K. Chesterton). Secker. 1s. net.

Companionship (Adèle Warren); **Airs of the Harp** (John Geoffrey Hollins). Long. 2s. 6d. net each.

Cambridge Poets, 1900-1913. An Anthology (Chosen by Aelfrida Tillyard). Cambridge: Heffer. 5s. net.

Collected Poems (Ford Madox Hueffer). Goschen. 5s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Guide to the Mental Deficiency Act, 1913 (John Wormald and Samuel Wormald). King. 5s. net.

Churches in the Modern State (John Neville Figgis). Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

Clio, A Muse and Other Essays (George Macaulay Trevelyan). Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

Fancies, Fashions, and Fads (Ralph Nevill). 10s. 6d. net; **The Complete Amateur Boxer** (J. G. Bohun Lynch). 5s. net. Methuen.

Gabriel Harvey's Marginalia (Collected and Edited by G. C. Moore Smith). Stratford-upon-Avon: Shakespeare Head Press. 16s. net.

Imperial Army Series:—Signalling (Edited by E. John Solano). Murray. 1s. net.

Indian Myth and Legend (Donald A. Mackenzie). Gresham Publishing Co. 7s. 6d. net.

Irish Literary and Musical Studies (Alfred Perceval Graves). Elkin Mathews. 6s. net.

National Proverbs:—Ireland; Russia; The Hilaire Belloc Calendar. Palmer. 1s. net each.

Stamp Collecting for Pleasure and Profit (Cecil Henry Bullivant). Pearson. 1s. net.

The Case for Co-education (Cecil Grant and Norman Hodgson). Grant Richards. 5s. net.

The Franco-German War Indemnity and Its Economic Results (Horace Handley O'Farrell). Harrison.

The Garden City (C. B. Purdom). Dent. 10s. 6d. net.

The Government of Man: An Introduction to Ethics and Politics (G. S. Brett). Bell. 3s. 6d. net.

The Influence of the Press (R. A. Scott-James). Partridge. 3s. 6d. net.

The Old-Fashioned Woman; **Primitive Fancies About the Sex** (Elsie Clews Parsons). Putnam.

The Truth about the "Titanic" (Colonel Archibald Gracie). Rider. 6s. net.

The World of Labour (G. D. H. Cole). 5s. net; **Round about a Pound a Week** (Mrs. Pember Reeves). 2s. 6d. net. Bell.

Toby: The Story of a Dog (Elizabeth E. Goldsmith). 6s.; **Roads from Rome** (Anne C. E. Allison). 5s. 6d. net. Macmillan.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR OCTOBER.—The Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation. 5s. net; Lippincott's Magazine, 25 cents.

FINANCE.

THE CITY.

MEXICO is still a cause of anxiety to the Stock Markets, but in some quarters it is believed that bottom prices have been reached. This impression is derived from the fact that bears have been covering, and although there was very little favourable news concerning Mexico, the recovery in prices was remarkably effective in creating more optimistic opinions on the Stock Exchange. Most probably the rally in Mexican Rails and a few other shares which recently have been severely depressed is somewhat premature; but a very little buying sufficed to put prices up, and this was an interesting indication of what may be expected when any really good news does come to hand.

One encouraging factor for the markets was the absence of demand for gold from New York. American bankers had received intimations from this side that if they insisted on withdrawing gold from London the Bank Rate might go to 6 per cent., but it was feared that, in spite of that hint, they might take the risk. It is now confidently believed that the 6 per cent. rate will be avoided. Though this is not much to boast about, it is undoubtedly a relief. In a week or two New York will be able to take gold without causing alarm in Lombard Street.

It is particularly noteworthy that in spite of the heavy declines recorded during the last account no anxiety was entertained regarding the settlement. This seems to indicate that the weak positions which were known to exist a short time back have been eliminated. Another good point is the fact that a much larger amount of stock was taken up for investment at this week's settlement by the general public than for many months past.

The result of the Western Australia loan issue is disappointing. Nobody expected a success, but it was hardly anticipated that the underwriters would be left with as much as 72 per cent. of the total. On the other hand, the full subscription of the London portion of the Roumanian loan is satisfactory, though it is hardly probable that it has been taken by the general public. Success in this case was essential to assist the placing of the remaining portions of the loan on the Continent, and it should also encourage those who are responsible for issuing the forthcoming Balkan loans.

The good tone displayed by the Paris Bourse may be due to manœuvres preliminary to the impending loan flotations, but it is none the less satisfactory, and tends to support the idea that the depths of financial depression have now been passed.

In New York dealers are naturally disinclined to buy stocks on an extensive scale until a definite solution of the Mexican problem is reached. When that time comes there should be a sharp upward movement. The chief development to which Wall Street is looking forward is permission to the Eastern railroads to increase freight charges. That, unfortunately, is not likely to come for some months.

Turning to mining shares, De Beers and Premier Diamonds have been supported by Paris on the report that the Diamond Syndicate has come to terms with the German South-West African group. The diamond trade, however, is not in a very flourishing condition at present. Rio Tintos have also recovered, despite the fall in price of the metal. The Consolidated Goldfields report has now been well digested, and shareholders are awaiting with great interest Lord Harris's speech at the meeting of the company. It is feared that developments in South Africa will not provide subject matter for optimistic comment, but the enterprises in America in Mexican oil and in the Trinidad oil business may permit of encouraging statements. The allocation of £1,000,000 from reserve and £402,000 from profits to meet depreciation of investments is to be commended, and the financial position of the company is in the circumstances very strong.

The Oil share market has claimed the bulk of attention this week, Shell subsidiaries holding the field.

North Caucasians seem unable to get above 35s., probably on account of the reaction in the output. Egyptians have had a very good run, with buying orders coming in from various directions, and Trinidad Oilfields (also in the Shell group) have commenced to improve. Toward the end of the week this department boiled over. Profit taking has taken the cream off the rise, but the leading dealers talk of still higher prices.

The rubber section has floated into calmer waters, although there is a strange silence now in regard to the Central Selling Agency. Perhaps the promoters of the scheme have at last come face to face with its real difficulties. Meanwhile the market is regaining strength on its own account.

Among industrials there is some good buying of Brewery stocks, based on the improved position of the leading companies and the expectation of some important amalgamations.

The Midland Railway is seeking powers to raise about £1,000,000 of new capital, mainly for the purpose of developing the Southend traffic.

Consols (Thursday's close) 72 9-16, 72 11-16 for cash and 72½-72¾ for the account.

Bank Rate 5 per cent. (increased from 4½ per cent. October 3).

INSURANCE.

CHOOSING A LIFE OFFICE.

FOUR mutual societies have constantly dispensed with the services of agents, and their operations being comparatively small, it is not unusual to regard the non-commission paying system as unsound. But is this really the case? It is indisputable, no doubt, that the offices employing canvassers have, as a rule, made the greatest progress; and some of them, as a consequence of well-directed enterprise and careful administration, are now able to transact business at a very low cost and pay exceedingly handsome bonuses. On the other hand, it can be seen that whatever sums are paid to agents by mutual societies must come out of profits that would otherwise be distributed among the members; and it is undeniable that, given equal conditions in the way of funds, interest earnings, insurance in force, new business, and expenses of management, a society escaping the burden of commission would possess a substantial advantage, and in the long run pay more liberal bonuses. That the fact is not more generally appreciated can be attributed to the greater ease with which commission-paying offices have obtained patronage in the past; but conditions in this respect are gradually altering, and it is probable that before many years expire the claims of those life offices which study the interests of policy-holders in the highest degree will be far more widely recognised by the public.

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commission-paying offices of unquestioned standing, and the most probable explanation of such an unusual occurrence is—first, that the public has become better educated in the subject of life assurance, and is consequently less disposed to believe all that is stated by agents; and, secondly, that the expenditure of the Association has been made more effective. It is quite certain, at any rate, that the expansion of the Society's new business has not resulted from increased outlays.

In view of this fact, and other changes that have transpired, it is not unreasonable to believe that a time will come when the London Life's new assurances will exceed £1,000,000 per annum, as a result of direct appeals to the assuring classes. There is clearly no cause why this should not come to pass, now that a real start has been made. In the past, no doubt, there were reasons why the transactions of the Association should be limited in extent. Not everybody was in a position to take out an investment policy—however obvious were its merits—for a considerable sum, and pay enhanced premiums during the first seven years for the privilege of membership. Formerly, indeed, the Association appealed almost exclusively to the opulent minority, and its contracts were by no means elastic, but all this has now been changed, and tens of thousands of persons are sufficiently well off to take advantage of the liberal offers made them.

Payment of full premiums during the first seven years can, of course, be recommended, because the premium, whatever its amount or nature, is certain to be reduced by 60 per cent. in the eighth year, and by about 75 per cent. in the twenty-first year, but under the half-premium system full membership can equally be obtained, the only difference being that one-half of the premium is advanced by the office during the first seven years at 4 per cent. interest, each successive loan being made a fresh charge on the policy. By this method life assurance can be secured at a very moderate initial cost, but the annual amount payable for interest naturally increases as each half-premium is advanced. There is no compulsion, however, to accept these loans. In any year, either during the first seven years or subsequently, the full premium can be paid, and the difference will be credited to the policy and accumulated at compound interest. Moreover, the sums advanced by the Association may be repaid at any time in one sum or by instalments of at least £10, and the policy thus wholly or partially freed from debt. A really flexible scheme, adapted to the needs of most persons, has therefore been devised. At nearest age 25, for example, the full premium per cent. payable is £2 13s., and the half-premium £1 6s. 6d., while at age 30 it is £3 or £1 10s. respectively. At all ages, indeed, the half-premium is lower than the charge made for a non-participating assurance, and it does not become greater, even in the seventh year, when interest has been added. Subsequently, of course, the premium reduction scheme takes effect, and in the eighth year the "reduced" premium, plus interest, is greatly less than the usual non-participating premium at the same age. On a policy of £1,000 the loans would then amount to £91, if entrance was made at age 25, and to £105 if at age 30.

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In accordance with the Articles, candidates must be Graduates of Oxford or Cambridge University or Trinity College, Dublin. Applications, accompanied by testimonials not exceeding six in number, must be sent in on or before 5 December to the Bursar of the College, who will in the meantime supply any further information that may be desired.

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ARAMAYO FRANCKE MINES.

The eighth ordinary general meeting of the Aramayo Francke Mines, Ltd., was held on Wednesday, the 12th inst., at the offices, 148, Fenchurch Street, E.C., Mr. F. Avelino Aramayo, the Chairman and Managing Director, presiding.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting and the Auditors' report,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, I have the pleasure to point out that the results of the year under review are not in any way inferior to those of the previous year. Our revenue account, as you will have noticed, shows a net profit of £153,177 5s. 10d. In Bolivia, without deducting charges in England, as against £155,900 19s. 0d. for the previous year ended May 31st, 1912, after the usual careful valuation of stocks and machinery. But you will remember that part of last year's sales were out of accumulated stock, while this year the reverse is the case, a good deal of stock of minerals having accumulated at the mines on account of temporary reduced means of transport. Consequently our total sales of black tin amounted only to 3,352'88 tons, or £3,199,990 4s. 9d., as against 4,053'1 tons, or £3,350,515 0s. 7d., for the year before, the difference of price per ton in favour of the last year having been £7 14s. 8d. The sales of wolfram, on the contrary, were 281'3 tons, or £24,374 0s. 4d., as against 123'55 tons, or £11,625 0s. 6d., the year before, and the price per ton £11 less. In the sales of bismuth there was a small reduction, equivalent to £3,698 17s. 7d., while the price was maintained unchanged. The total production of black tin amounted to 3,694'17 tons, as against 3,853'91 tons in the previous year, and that of wolfram to 108'78 tons, as against 237'43 tons, or a decrease of 302'31 tons in all. The production of crude bismuth, on the other hand, was 36'13 tons bigger. In addition, we had this year 33 tons of rich silver ore and 157'42 tons of copper, mostly unsold at the time of closing the accounts. The amount of ore treated in the various mills of the Company was 37,660 tons, or 377 tons less, due to the partial stoppage of Chocaya and Tasna for the reasons explained in our last report. The average yield of the ore has been almost the same—that is, 10 per cent., against 9'9 per cent. The main cost of production has also been practically the same, about £1 more per ton at the mines than the previous year, but this is due to a suspension of work at Quechisla in order to put up a fume condensing plant to prevent loss by volatilisation, which has not yet been completed. On the whole, the general condition of our mines is to-day more promising and satisfactory than it was a year ago. Although the output of the Kellu-coya vein in Santa Barbara is gradually decreasing, other veins have been opened out sufficiently to make up for this deficiency and keep the mill in full work, such as Victor, Iris, Amarilla, and Carlos recently discovered. A daring tramway line, 1,800 metres in length, has been built over the most precipitous side of the Chorolque mountain, and several jig-backs connect these and other veins with the central station of the wire-rope way and feed the Santa Barbara mill. Santa Elena, recently re-fitted with improved machinery, continues to work the dumps with satisfactory results, and is now producing our cheapest tin. The Colon mine, in the northern side of the mountain, and the Eureka group of veins, in Yana-salli, have developed sufficiently to supply a greater quantity of ore than the Sala-sala mill can work, and we are sending new plant to increase its capacity. The small mill of Comancha, like Santa Elena, works on tailings, continues to help with small production at low cost. The bismuth mines of Espiritu in Santa Barbara are gradually being opened out to provide ore to Quechisla when the condensing plant shall have been completed. In Tasna the scarcity of labour has delayed the completion of the tin concentration plant, but the two wire-ropes are now working satisfactorily, as well as the sintering pots and the new Hornsby motor, and we expect to see a gradual increase in the production of both bismuth and tin in the future. The wolfram has been neglected for want of miners, and on the consideration that we can have the article cheaper and more abundant at Chorolque, should the price compare favourably with that of tin. In Chocaya the electric installation to hoist water and rock, which we mentioned in our last report, has dragged longer and been more laborious than we anticipated, and we have again had to contend with great scarcity of labour. This has been the cause of the small production of Chocaya, which has continued until recently. I have now the pleasure to inform you that the new installation is working, that the deepest pits and galleries of our mine are clear of water and rubbish, and that the exploration drives which we have made at various points in depth are opening out high grade tin sulphides and rich silver ores under that section of the vein in which they were discovered at higher level. The production has already increased in the last two months, and we hope to see it considerably increased in the future. We are consequently studying additions to our concentration plant at Asilani, and may soon be compelled to put up roasting furnaces and a lixiviation plant to treat the low grade silver ores on the spot, if the vein continues to develop well. In Quechisla we will resume the smelting of bismuth from the mines of Espiritu (Chorolque) as soon as the condensation plant shall have been completed, and the smelting of copper matte will be continued as far as the available labour will permit. Our mining prospects, as you see, continue to be satisfactory, and further development depends only on labour conditions, which are troublesome, and on mechanical improvements which we are constantly introducing. I have much pleasure in stating that the arduous labour required to steer our ship through the complicated channels of our vast enterprise is being prudently and pluckily accomplished by our general manager, Mr. Roberts, and his competent staff. The Uyuni-Atocha Railway branch was only delivered to public traffic in September last, but against our expectations we find that there is very little saving in freights, as the railway has fixed rates of more than double those ruling on the main line. Under these circumstances the Indians have been able to clear in a few weeks our stocks of minerals which, in black tin alone, had accumulated to the amount of 854 tons, and we have found no advantage yet in using the railway instead. Our financial position is a sound one. As stated in the report, four dividends of 6d. per share, amounting to £39,659, have been paid out of the profits of the year, and £10,000 of the Debentures have been redeemed. We have since paid two further dividends of 6d. per share, amounting to £39,829 10s., and redeemed £30,000 more Debentures on July 1st last. Besides this, a sum of £20,000 was invested in securities as a reserve for disbursement in machinery, etc., according to the resolution passed at our last meeting. Now, after paying a bonus of 1s. 6d. per share, it is proposed to leave £26,000 standing to meet the increase of stocks of minerals, buildings, machinery, etc., and to provide for the possible redemption in July, 1914, of the £40,000 Debentures outstanding, or part of them, at the discretion of the directors. It gives me much pleasure to conclude my remarks by formally moving that the report and accounts be adopted, that the interim dividends already paid be confirmed, that the bonus of 1s. 6d. per share be declared and paid on the 20th inst. to all shareholders on the register to-day, making up 17½ per cent. on the capital, as the full distribution for the year, that the sum of £36,000 be left standing against increased stocks, and that the balance of £11,000 be carried forward to the next year's account.

Señor Don Ignacio Gutierrez-Ponce seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

AMALGAMATED PROPERTIES OF RHODESIA (1913).

The statutory meeting of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, the 11th inst., at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. G. R. Bonnard, the Chairman of the Company, presiding.

The Chairman said: You will, in the first instance, see from the statutory report that the capital of your Company is £800,000, divided into 4,000,000 shares of 4s. each, of which 3,767,943 shares of 4s. each, credited with 3s. paid up thereon, embracing every single share available, have been issued. Now, what assets have we to represent this amount of issued capital? In the first instance we have to receive, in respect of unpaid and uncalled capital, a round sum of £96,000. We have in the shape of cash, loans, and debtors, an amount of £35,000. We have quoted shares which on Friday last, the 7th inst., stood as per Stock Exchange quotations at £170,000, and we have unquoted shares at a value of £58,000. We own 1,233,401 acres of land in Southern Rhodesia, and, in respect of this magnificent asset, I have the greatest pleasure in informing you that approximately 900,000 acres of it come within the requirements laid down by the Chartered Company to enable it to be classed in Land Zone No. 1. Your 900,000 acres of land not only possesses these qualifications, but in respect of the first I may say it is on the average situated within much less than one-half of the twenty-five-mile railway limit. In fact, over 900,000 acres are actually traversed by the railway. Now, taking this land at the conservative figure of 7s. per acre, we get a total value of approximately £6,400,000. We have farms and other interests in the Transvaal, also mines and mining claims in Rhodesia, which, we can safely say, represent a value of £400,000. The foregoing value of these assets, if added together, gives us a total of £955,000, against which we have liabilities of £85,000, leaving, on the above basis, a balance of assets over liabilities of £870,000, against a total issued capital of £735,590. I think it would be wrong of me to pass on from these figures unless I called your special attention to the fact that your quoted assets have been written down to £176,000—a sum that it is quite impossible to accept as their real value. Their quotations in this respect are, in my opinion, absolutely misleading, and, subject to normal times prevailing, I look with confidence to their commanding at least double this amount. Let me again turn to the question of your Company's most important asset—namely, its land holdings, coupled with its ranching interests in Rhodesia, because the question of land in Rhodesia, and its possibilities in connection with ranching, mixed agriculture, closer settlement and immigration, has lately been occupying serious public attention. There is a further matter to which I should certainly like to draw your attention. Suggestions have from time to time been made that we have been doing nothing with our land. Let me tell you that this is not the fact. We have had nearly the whole of it thoroughly examined and reported upon. We have full information, not only as to its position and accessibility, but also as to its water supply, fertility, the character of its soils, etc., and particularly its possibilities for ranching, mixed agriculture, dairying and tobacco-growing, etc. Our unquoted shares to which I have referred at the figure of £58,000, cover a controlling interest of over 60 per cent. of the total issued capital of a ranching company possessing a ranch of approximately 115,000 acres in Northern Rhodesia, with over 4,500 head of cattle, a large number of which are half-bred up to eighteen months old, bred on the ranch from native cows, with Hereford, Devon and Lincoln bulls sent out from England. This same company also own an estate in Southern Rhodesia of approximately 144,000 acres, almost adjoining the township of Gwanda, with the railway running through a portion of it. Ranching operations are being commenced here. It is proposed to use this more as a bullock ranch, and the northern ranch as—if I may use the term—a breeding establishment and nursery. The northern ranch is, I think, without any question of doubt, one of the finest cattle ranches, if not the finest, in the whole of South Africa, and quite recently more English bulls and heifers have been sent out to it for further improved breeding purposes, and these are now safely installed on the ranch. The acquisition by your Company of this most important asset was consequent upon my becoming your Chairman. Your interest in this ranching company will, I am sure, considerably increase in value, but you may take it from me that to-day it is worth well over £80,000. We have also, as I have previously informed you, joined hands with the Transvaal and Rhodesian Estates, Ltd., and have commenced ranching on two farms—one in Gwanda and the other in the Tuli district—aggregating some 300,000 acres. We have exported English Hereford bulls and English heifers, which have passed through the period of inoculation to render them immune from local cattle diseases, without the loss of a single animal. We have bought two herds of native cows and have commenced ranching operations on this ground, which, I may inform you, practically adjoins the ranch of the celebrated firm of Liebig's. We propose a little later on affording the shareholders of this Company and those of the Rhodesian and Transvaal Estates, Ltd., an opportunity of becoming more directly interested in this ranch, if they so desire. We shall form a separate ranching company to acquire this 300,000 acres and continue active ranching operations. We shall sell the land at a reasonable valuation entirely for shares, and further shares will be issued for cash, the proceeds of which will be used solely for working capital. But before placing any of these working capital shares outside we shall first give to our own shareholders the opportunity of subscribing for them in whole or in part, if they so desire. I think this is a procedure which should always be followed whenever practicable, and is only common justice to shareholders. Before I close there is one other matter to which I must refer. A number of letters adversely and unfairly criticising the Company's management and prospects have appeared in several newspapers over various *noms de plume*. Your directors welcome fair and proper criticism, but in any case I think you will agree that the persons who thus criticise should sign their letters in order that readers may better judge, firstly, what the objects of the writers are, and secondly, whether they have any right or qualification to so criticise. It is a fair inference that in many instances these anonymous covert attacks upon your Company have been instigated by persons whose object is to damage it for their own ulterior purposes. Such letters have contained innumerable queries and many suggestions that your interests are not receiving proper attention at the hands of your directors. Means have been taken to trace some of these letters to their source, and it has been found that in most cases the writers are not even shareholders. In this connection, and in the interests of shareholders as a body, I venture to make a suggestion to the financial editors of our newspapers. It is that before publishing letters criticising a company's prospects or management they will insist, either that the correspondent consents to the publication of his name and address, or proves that he is a shareholder, and consents to his name and address being supplied on demand to the company he criticises. Perhaps, too, he might be asked to produce proof that he had properly appealed, and in vain, to the company concerned for the information he desires. The British Press is far and away the best, the cleanest and the fairest in the world. It is one of our great institutions, and I am sure that the appeal I have ventured to make will meet with serious consideration, and, if acted upon, as I sincerely hope it will be, will result in stopping an improper and eminently unfair criticism, particularly damaging to the best interests of a company and its shareholders. This is only a statutory meeting. There is no resolution for me to put before you on which to ask you to vote, but, of course, I shall be very pleased to answer any questions that any shareholder may think fit to put to me. After the shareholders' questions had been answered, the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors.

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CHAIRMAN: LORD HARRIS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Ordinary General Meeting of the Consolidated Gold Fields of South Africa, Limited, will be held at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1913, at noon.

The Report of the Directors for the year ending June 30, 1913, states that the realised net profit on the year's operations, after writing off the depreciation as stated hereafter, is largely derived from dividends received on investments, and, after deducting Debenture Interest and all outgoings, shows a balance to credit of £371,745 17s. 10d., from which the dividends on the First and Second Preference shares, an interim dividend of 1s. per share on the Ordinary shares, English Income Tax, and French Government Taxes, have been provided, leaving £110,404 3s. 6d., which, added to the sum of £52,112 brought forward from last year, leaves £162,516 3s. 6d.

The total market depreciation on investments amounts to £1,402,201 6s. 10d., which has been provided for by charging £1,000,000 against the reserve and £402,201 6s. 10d. against the year's profits.

In addition to the foregoing realised profit, the Company's share investments (apart from any appreciation in value on properties and ventures) show, on current market prices, and on an estimate of unquoted shares, a further large unrealised profit.

Investments stand in the books at average cost or under, and all shares are taken into account at prices below those current at the date when the accounts were made up.

Schedules of the Company's principal investments and unquoted properties are appended to the accounts.

The Directors recommend that a final cash dividend of 5 per cent., free of Income Tax, be paid on the 2,000,000 Ordinary shares, amounting to £100,000, and making with the interim dividend 2s. per share for the year, leaving £62,516 3s. 6d. to be carried to the credit of the current year's Profit and Loss Account.

The Report and Accounts were posted to registered shareholders on Saturday evening, the 8th November, and the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders will be held on Tuesday, the 18th November, at the Cannon Street Hotel, Cannon Street, London, E.C., at noon.

Copies of the Report, containing full information as to the Company's position, Balance Sheet and Accounts, and Reports by the Joint Managers and Consulting Engineer, can be obtained on application at the Company's Offices in London and Paris.

By Order,

HERBERT C. PORTER, Secretary.

Dated November 10, 1913.

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